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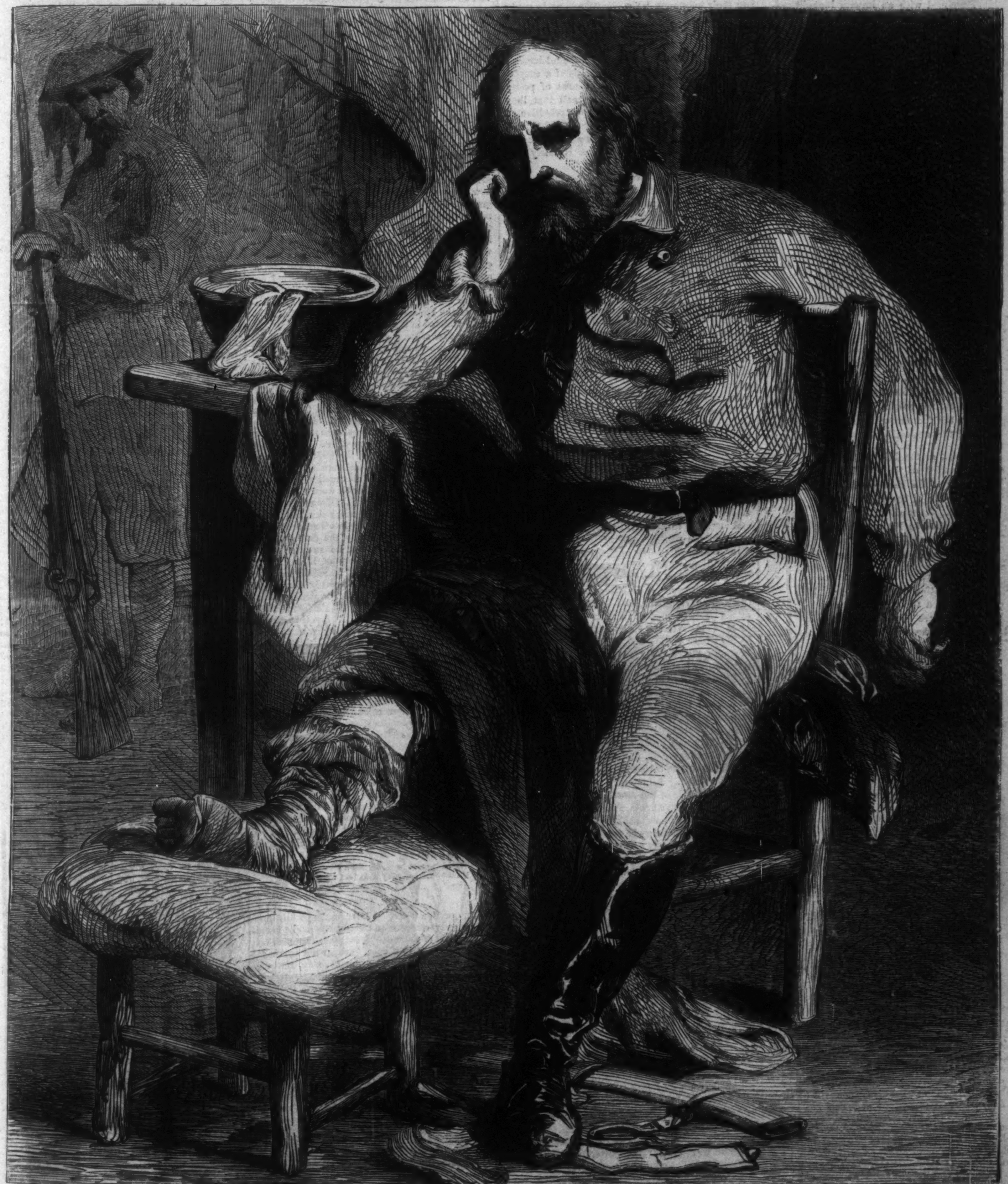


GARIBALDI, WOUNDED AND A PRISONER.—[See next Page.]

AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Like plates of brassy armor
  The yellow plowed lands lay
Upon the valley's bosom
  For leagues and leagues away.
Along them shines and shimmers
  The lazy moving stream,
As o'er a child's soft bosom
  The idle ribbons gleam.

The mountain's velvet helmet
  Nods darkly on her crest,
As though some untold passion
  Was trembling in her breast.
The green leaves chant together
  A weird and mystic strain,
And the feathery tenants mingle
  Their notes in the wild refrain.

The shadows sweep o'er the valley
  Like an evanescent blot,
That seems like a holy feeling
  Begrimed with an impure thought.
—'Twas thus lay the quiet valley
  And the sentry hills held sway,
Ere the bugle notes scared the song-birds,
  Or the reveille woke the day.

And now was the smiling Sabbath,
  And the sweet-tongued meeting bells
Rang out like an incense wafted
  O'er listening hills and dells.
The soldiers catch the cadence
  Borne out on the distant air,
And it comes to their weary spirits
  Like the thought of an angel's prayer.

But vain the holy summons—
  The prayer remains unsaid;
The singer's lips are silent,
  The sermon lies unread;
While long and dusty columns
  Of sun-browned troops file by,
Nerved by the rigid purpose
  To win the day—or die!

Along the paths of the mountain
  Moves up the dark-blue line,
The gun-wheels grind o'er the boulders,
  The burnished bayonets shine.
Way up in the leafy covert
  The curling smoke betrays
Where the foe throw down the gauntlet,
  And the answering cannons blaze.

The crack of the Minié rifle,
  The shriek of the crashing shell,
The ring of the flashing sabre,
  Their tale of the conflict tell.
They tell of the dear lives lying,
  War's food in Nature's lap,
Ere the Starry Flag in triumph
  Waves through the Mountain Gap.

Night drops her pitying mantle
  To hide the bloody scene—
Next morn a thousand dead men
  Mark where the foe had been.
And where the fight was hottest
  Two mangled corpses lay,
One clad in bright blue jacket,
  And one in homespun gray.

Their hands are clasped together,
  Their bloody bosoms show
Each fought with a dauntless purpose,
  And fell 'neath each other's blow!
They fell, and the crimson mingled,
  And before the paling eye
Back rolled the storm of the conflict
  To the peaceful days gone by.

Each thought of the mystic token—
  The talismanic sign;
Each recognized a Brother!
  Two firm right hands entwine!
The fire of the noble order
  Touched not their hearts in vain.
All hate fades out, uniting
  Two hearts with the triple chain!

Camp of Eighth Massachusetts Battery,
Antietam Creek, *October*, 1862.

GARIBALDI.

We reproduce on the preceding page a picture by M. Beaucé, which represents Garibaldi Wounded and a Prisoner. Every one remembers that Garibaldi, who was at the head of a small band of followers, was attacked at Aspromonte by the Neapolitan forces and taken prisoner. He was conveyed to Spezia by his captors, and placed in the hands of surgeons for his wounds, which are severe. It is not yet known what disposition will be made of him. When he arrived at Spezia one of our consuls addressed him a letter inquiring whether he would accept a command in our army in case it should be tendered him. He immediately replied that, being wounded and a prisoner, he could not yet dispose of his future movements; but that if he regained his strength and his liberty he would at once offer his sword to the United States, which was fighting for freedom throughout the world.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 25, 1862.

WHY WADSWORTH WILL BE ELECTED.

Horatio Seymour, the Democratic candidate for Governor of this State, has arrayed himself fairly and squarely in opposition to the President's proclamation or freedom, and claims the votes of the people of this State in virtue of that opposition. Citizens who now support him imply by their support that they are opposed to the United States Government, on the most vital question of its policy, at the most imminent crisis in the history of the nation. To use the words of Mr. John Van Buren, at the meeting on 13th, supporters of Horatio Seymour consider "the Government of the United States the most contemptible failure in the shape of a Government in the world;" and pronounce that, in their judgment, "the Southern people ought not to live under an abolition sway." In other words, men who vote for Seymour mean by that vote that they hate and despise their own Government, the Government of Abraham Lincoln; that they are opposed, in the crisis of a desperate war, to the most vital measures of policy adopted by that Government; and that they find much more justification for the rebellion of the Southern people than for the North's resolute and constitutional exercise and defense of its political rights. The issue is fairly and squarely made.

Men who are in favor of supporting the Government honestly and manfully; of maintaining the political system handed down to us by our fathers, and of preserving intact in its integrity the Union which a band of desperadoes at the South have endeavored to destroy, will give expression to their views by voting for Wadsworth.

Men who are opposed to the Government of the United States; who can find excuses for the rebels, but none for the chosen rulers of the country; who have a hundred schemes for destroying and remodeling, but not one for simply maintaining the Union of our fathers; men whose secret sympathies are at this dreadful hour with the enemies of their country and the perjured traitors at Richmond: these men will vote for Seymour.

It has been suggested that, in view of the unequivocal indications of the election of Wadsworth, Mr. Seymour should resign, and leave the course clear to his opponent. The Democratic leaders scout the notion, and we are very glad they do. We should like to see precisely how many people in this State agree with Mr. John Van Buren in deeming "the Government of the United States the most contemptible failure in the shape of a government in the world," and in pronouncing that "the Southern people ought not to live under an abolition sway." We want to ascertain how many citizens of the State of New York deem this a fit moment for dividing the North, opposing the Government, and holding out to the rebels hopes of support in their rebellion. We want to separate the sheep from the goats, and to see where we stand. By no means let Mr. Seymour resign. By running he will render the country a signal service.

The eyes of the rebel leaders at Richmond are fixed upon the contest in this State with perhaps even more intensity than upon the contest in Kentucky or on the banks of the Potomac. They know that, notwithstanding the temporary successes which accident has enabled them to achieve this summer, the result of the contest is as certain as fate, if its solution be left exclusively to the sword. It may take more time than the sanguine people of the North once hoped. But it is none the less certain, and the rebels know it. Their only hope now is that the Government of the United States may be paralyzed by divisions at home. If a party can be elected to power in the great State of New York whose leaders unanimously avow greater aversion for the United States Government than for the armed rebels; who wholly or partially justify the rebellion, and denounce the Government of the United States as an intolerable despotism; the hopes of Jeff Davis and his colleagues will be revived, their drooping spirits cheered, their armies encouraged to prosecute the flagging contest. For such an event as the election as Governor of this State of one who is identified with the rebel sympathizers, would signify to the foreign world that the temper of the North was undergoing a change, and that the British prediction—that we would tire of the enterprise of subjugating the South—was becoming verified. If any thing would justify intervention, this would do it. Europe could say to us, "Not only does the South desire us to interfere, but the greatest and most populous State of the North practically calls upon us likewise, by electing to office a man who is opposed to your Government; opposed to the policy which you are about to initiate, and whose leading supporters justify the rebellion." What could we say in reply?

In what condition should we find our country next January if Seymour should be elected? Whatever Mr. Seymour may say, how could he possibly give a hearty or even any kind of support to a Government which he and his supporters denounce as an "atrocious despotism," "the most contemptible failure in the world," "a band of thieves and robbers?" etc., etc. And how could the war be prosecuted if the chief State of the North refused to support the Government; declined to forward troops, and placed itself in the attitude which Kentucky occupied eighteen months ago? Does Horatio Seymour expect to be able to play the part of Beriah Magoffin in the heart of the loyal North?

THE LOUNGER.

"AND TO PARTY GAVE UP WHAT WAS MEANT FOR MANKIND."

The speech of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, some ten days ago, will bring a pang to many a breast he did not mean to wound. For some twelve years he has lived in this country, but has been publicly known only as a most polished and charming orator upon occasions which were not political. At last he breaks this public political silence of twelve years by a fiery denunciation of the Government and its policy, and an eloquent lament over the happy days when the freedom of person, of speech, and of the press were absolutely respected. He eulogizes the "high and progressive civilization" we enjoyed two years ago; and decries the despotism which, in a time of tremendous civil war, exercises the solemn Constitutional right of suspending the *habeas corpus*.

Mr. O'Gorman's speech itself refutes its assertion that the right of speech is destroyed; and his picture of the condition of this city, as it appears to him at this moment, in the very crisis of this terrible national struggle for existence, was the permanent condition in peace of the whole region now in open rebellion. Under the "high and progressive civilization" of two years ago the present rebels nullified the Constitution. Now they are trying to destroy it. Does the orator know that he praises the Constitutional reverence of a time when an innocent free citizen of one State could be enslaved forever with his posterity by the law of another?—a time when no State or national authority protected a man in his plainest rights under the Constitution?—a time when the Constitution of the United States was openly and shamelessly violated in time of perfect peace?

Of course crime does not excuse crime. Violation then would not excuse violation now. But that is the time of constitutional felicity which the orator selects for his praises. During all those years the constant outrage could not loosen his tongue. Not only was the outrage itself flagrant, but its cause was damnable, for the Constitution was violated to sustain slavery. Even at the North the sacred right of speech was threatened by mobs; but still this voice was silent. The tragedy of Kansas not only revealed the most wicked and inhuman contempt of the Constitution, but showed the imminence of the loss of all constitutional guarantees. But this voice had not a word of reproach, or complaint, or grief. Exiled from his native land for loving liberty, the orator saw the fundamental safeguard of all liberty in his adopted country scorned and destroyed by the fierce will of a most cruel despotism; but he saw unmoved. Good men, patriots, the heroes of liberty every where looked on in alarm, and feared for the hope of humantiy. The Despotism openly threatened to destroy the Constitution which it already nullified: and the voice was silent, and the hand doubtless gave it the aid of a vote. At last that savage despotism sprang at the nation's throat, to complete its victory and subjugate the Constitution in every Free State as it had already done at home. The nation, desperately struggling, declares that it will take all necessary steps of war, since war has been forced upon it; that it will, in this great stress, suspend temporarily some rights that it may secure the permanent enjoyment of all rights; and then, at last, this voice breaks silence—storms out into passionate music, and declares that those by whose consent the Constitution was shamelessly outraged are alone fit to save it from destruction! Guaranteed rights might be trampled upon—liberty lost—the laws defied—the Constitution nullified—the Union mortally threatened—the nation in a death-struggle—and the eye was cold and the tongue silent. But from the wild turmoil let some illusive gleam of hope burst forth that his party might recover power, and the orator lends his fervid tongue to the destroyer.

> "Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

A LOOK ABROAD.

The question of foreign intervention is one that will properly continue to interest the public mind until the end of the war. It is beyond dispute that France wishes to intervene, but can not persuade England. How long the argument may continue before it is successful is a matter of speculation. But the two points of the argument are well understood.

The first is the conviction that, in case of our success, coming from victory flushed and furious with a huge military organization in good working order, we shall instantly demand of Great Britain an explanation of her passive hostility toward us in our misfortunes. In other words, that upon our domestic settlement war with England is inevitable; and that it is wise for her to prevent it, by stepping in and forcing a settlement which will be founded upon separation.

The second point of the argument for intervention is, that we are both heartily tired of the war, at the North and South, and that we shall secretly hail a sufficient excuse for ending it. We are held by foreign observers to be in the condition of duelists, who have exchanged a round of shots and whose seconds and witnesses interfere. The belligerents, of course, will not listen. Not they. They can each be satisfied only with the heart's-blood of the other. But after all, they are very well content when the spectators insist and actually separate them.

These are views seriously entertained by foreign statesmen, and by foreigners among us, and it is to the influence of such convictions that we must look for the chances of intervention. The foreign horoscope of the inevitable result of the war undoubtedly is separation or anarchy. Peace, order, and law can be secured, in the opinion of Europe, only by speedy separation. In the interest of civilization, of society, and of government, therefore, the foreign mind believes intervention to be essential.

It seems impossible to show Europe that the only two possible results of this war are, either the unconditional victory of the rebellion, which is dissolution of the Union, destruction of the Government, and universal anarchy—or else the unconditional victory of the Government, whereby the rebels lay down their arms, and submit, willingly or unwillingly, to the laws, and seek their ends, if they still desire them, according to the Constitution.

There is no middle ground. Separation of the States is National death, and is as much the triumph of the rebellion as Jeff Davis installed in the White House as President of the Union. The aim of the rebellion is to change the Government by force of arms. That of the Government is to maintain itself intact. But if it concedes any part to the armed demand, it surrenders the whole principle. For when another rebellion demands another concession there is no reason why it should not be made; until at last the very form of the Government would have perished with its spirit.

If any one should object that this does not follow, any more than the destruction of the British Government followed the conceded independence of the American colonies, the reply is that the relation of Britain to her colonies does not resemble that of the National Government to the United States citizens. If you wish to have the exact parallel, consider what would be the position of the Government of Great Britain if it should, after a tremendous struggle to maintain its authority over Kent or Yorkshire, concede the separation and independence of those counties. Would the British Government, in any candid sense, longer exist? Could it with any reason, or with any hope of success, refuse the claim of any other county to retire?

Intervention, by the confession of foreigners who frankly discuss it, means separation. That is to say, it is the armed alliance of whatever powers undertake it with the rebels. The condition of the alliance is, that they shall fight for the cause of the rebels. That cause is the establishment of a new political power in the world founded upon slavery; and that power takes its origin in the conviction of its subjects that they had a right to break away from their old political community, not because of injuries suffered without hope of legal redress, which is the only plea of forcible revolution, but simply because they feared that the normal development of that community would peacefully eliminate slavery.

Nations are governed by their interest; but national and individual interest is never dissevered from certain moral principles in human nature. If Great Britain thinks her interest will be served by drawing the sword in the cause of such a power she will do it. But she will never sheathe it again as the nation she now is.

OVER THE SEA.

The response of Europe to the President's Proclamation is near at hand, if it be not already audible when these lines are printed. It will be a yell of affected horror and lofty indignation. Alas! nothing will please that unhappy Europe. It is so determined that we shall go to pieces that it is impatient of our reluctance. "Why don't you die? Why, in the naughty name, don't you disappear? You're all gone. You've always been a sham, and now you are a ridiculous warning. Just be buried as soon as possible." This is the tone in which Europe comments upon our struggle.

A few weeks since we were languid, in the high European estimation. We were a set of play-actors. Our war was a melodrama. We did not mean to do any thing. We had no earnestness, no purpose, no policy. The excellent Confederates, however, really meant something. They were fervid and vigorous and united.

Now we shall hear that we are ferocious, bloodthirsty, and barbarous; that the interests of civilization and humanity require the preservation of a system which denies every right and practices every enormity to turn men into beasts. We shall hear that we confess we could not fairly conquer in honorable warfare, and have therefore appealed to the most fearful means. We shall hear that we have made ferocity take the place of heroism, and massacre that of honorable battle, and that we have merely supplied another and more stringent reason for the desperate and unconquerable unity of the enemy. We shall hear that the result was doubtful before, and is hopeless now, etc., etc.

Meanwhile, in the midst of the tantara, the Government of the United States has, as it has had, but one duty, to suppress this rebellion in the most sudden, swift, and overwhelming manner. It can not use too many means, nor kill it too dead.

NO HANGING MATTER.

Mr. Cassius M. Clay was born in a slave State, and early convinced that slavery was wrong, he has manfully advocated emancipation in Kentucky; and has been universally known as one of the most valiant of the anti-slavery orators. He is a man of indomitable courage, and his purely heroic career has compelled the admiration of many who differ from his views. But like all ardent and sincere men, whose moral convictions are not tempered with practical wisdom, Mr. Clay frequently puts the cause he adopts in a ludicrous or repulsive light.

When upon his journey to Russia, as our minister, he wrote a letter to the London *Times* and made a speech at a Paris breakfast, he made our cause a little ridiculous. But when, in his speech at Brooklyn, he said that he wished the President had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus* by hanging traitors, and that the lives of thousands of good men would have been saved if Mr. Seymour and Fernando Wood had been hung, he means, of course, only a rhetorical period, but the rhetoric does not help the cause.

That traitors duly convicted shall be executed, the law provides: but the law also decides who traitors are. That men of treasonable sympathies or patriotic indifference should be hung, no law provides, and common sense smiles at the suggestion. If Mr. Seymour still believes what he has constantly said, he is of opinion that the rebels are really justified and the Government is imbecile and tyrannical. He would gladly effect a surrender of the Government under the name of settlement. And he is not known to have helped the nation with money any more than with sympathy. His election would be the moral defeat of the Union and the Government. It would be the first step not to a vigorous or any other prosecution of the war, but to peace upon dishonorable terms to the country.

But while all this is true, it does not follow that he ought to be hung; because hostile opinions and indifference are not treason. If the expression of those opinions in time of war be so vehement and influential as to be clearly injurious to the Government, it is Constitutionally competent to the Government to suppress that expression; and when Mr. Seymour reaches that point, of course he will be silenced, but certainly not hung. When the Government is engaged in a fierce war to maintain the fundamental guarantee of Life, Liberty, and Property, it must, by the very necessity of the case, peremptorily take as much of the Life, Liberty, and Property of its enemies as it thinks necessary. It is making war, and that is the condition of war. It takes life to preserve life; liberty to insure liberty; and property to secure property. No rational man seriously contests its right and its power to do all this. For if it may make war, it may do all that is necessary to make war effective.

BLIND FURY.

"Lincoln the fiend.—let history take hold of him, and let the civilized world fling its scorpion lash upon him!" cries the Richmond *Enquirer*.

Who is it that says this? Who call aloud for the sympathy of mankind? People who deny to others every human right, and doom them and their posterity forever to the condition of brute beasts. Who steal, buy, sell, starve, whip, roast, and hang other perfectly innocent men and women, if they refuse to work for nothing, and to be degraded below humanity—who outrage every sentiment of human honor and decent social relation, profiting by their own lust, and abolishing the sanctity and fidelity of marriage among those whom they hold in hopeless and helpless submission—who degrade manhood, dishonor womanhood, and who, to pay their own debts, sell other people and their children into eternal separation and anguish—who, pursued by the contempt of Christendom, and stung to madness by fierce hatred of human liberty and the equal rights of all men, are now seeking to smother in blood a great nation of which they are a sworn part, and without any other pretense than that their system of barbarism and infamy can not be infinitely extended.

And who is "Lincoln the fiend?" He is the man who, speaking for his country, is putting an end to all this lamb-like business.

Upon the question of "fiends" the civilized world is not likely to have two opinions at heart, whatever its lips may say.

A SOUTHSIDE VIEW.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of September 27 had two most instructive articles. They both tell a great deal of truth. One says, "If the North ultimately fails in this war, she will fall as fast and far as Lucifer in his descent from heaven." The North, it says, clings to the Union as the mariner "to the last plank that lies between him and the fathomless depths of eternity." The rhetoric is bad, but the truth is solid and solemn. Even so, when the North fails she falls utterly, for she sinks into the slough of a slave-despotism.

The same article says that "there is scarcely an abolitionist to be found" in the Union armies; but the next one asserts that "the Federal invasion has thus far been a John Brown raid on a grand scale. Wherever the Federal armies have advanced the negroes have been swept off as clean as the Eastern locusts sweep a field of grain."

But if this be the result while, as the *Dispatch* declares, the war is carried on "by the conservative classes," what would happen if those frightful fellows the abolitionists had any thing to do with it? If the only "friends of the South" at the North were the "Conservatives," and they are doing the abolition work, and the war is, in the nature of things, a war of desperation upon the part of the North, what is the prospect for the South?

But there is still further improvement to be derived from the *Dispatch*. We have been frequently told of the extreme fitness of the Africans for slavery: they are better off as slaves; they are happy as slaves; the relation of master and slave is truly touching and patriarchal. the master is all anxiety for the welfare of his "servant;" and the slave is all tenderness and fidelity toward the generous being to whom Providence has committed him, etc., etc., etc. Now steps in the *Dispatch*, and says, oh! disillusion, disenchantment! "The neighborhood of a Yankee army creates as complete a stampede among negroes as the approach of a locomotive among cattle. There are thousands of masters who continue to believe that their servants will not run under similar temptations, and foolishly to expose them to temptation. It is clear, therefore, that there is no security for the negro property of the State, unless the Legislature makes the removal of the negroes from districts exposed to invasion compulsory."

If the faithful and affectionate chattels behaved in this way before the President's Proclamation called universal attention to the law freeing all slaves who reached our lines, what will be their feelings when the hope which, despite our cruel usage of them, the advance of our armies has always been, is formally confirmed by the promise and guarantee of the Government? To suppose the Proclamation a *brutum fulmen* is to disregard the most essential qualities of human nature.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A wag upon visiting a medical museum was shown some dwarfs, and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

In narrating the circumstances of a recent suicide the papers say that besides being deaf, dumb, and an old bachelor, the unfortunate man had exhibited symptoms of insanity.

Very Poetic.—"What," said Margarita to Cecilia, "what, dearest, do you think is really the food of Cupid?" And Cecilia answered, "Arrowroot."

Curious Fact in Natural History.—The *Hottentots* stand heat better than *Coolies*.

To Preserve Apples from Rotting.—Put them into a dry cellar, of easy access to a large family of children.

Cautious.—"Now, mind you," whispered a servant-girl to her neighbor, "I don't say as how missus drinks; but between you and I the decanter don't keep full all day."

A young doctor, on being asked to contribute toward inclosing and ornamenting a cemetery, very coolly replied that in filling it he thought he should do his part.

The most direct Method of determining Horse-power.—Stand behind and tickle his hind-legs with a brier

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least of either health or happiness.

Uneasy.—"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a needle.

Why are a pin and a poker like a blind man?—Because they have a head and no eyes.

An Abstract Deed.—Having your tooth drawn.

A Teaser.—When was beef-tea first made in England?—When Henry the Eighth dissolved the Pope's bull.

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

One of our country correspondents, who has read about sailors "heaving up" anchors, wants to know if it is seasickness that makes 'em do it!

Fresh from Erin.—"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor dear, I enjoy very poor health intirely. The rumatics are very distressin' indade; when I go to slape I lay awake all night, and my toes is swiled as big as a goose hen's egg, so whin I stand up I fall down immediately."

A runaway couple having been married at Gretna Green, Vulcan demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom; "the gentleman you last married assured me he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith; "but he was an Irishman, and I have married him six times. He is a customer, you know; but you I may never see again."

"Pin not your faith on any man's sleeve" is a good maxim; but Amoretta says she can't help it when the thing is round her neck with her lover's arm in it.

Daniel says that he thinks that boarders who are obliged to eat sausages three times a day during dog-days are justified in growling at their fare.

Why will Americans have more cause to remember the letter S than any other in the alphabet? Because it is the beginning of secession and the end of Jeff Davis.

The Best Cure for Vanity.—Be photographed.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

An eminent conchologist has made a calculation that it takes sixteen days and fourteen hours for a "moderately-fast snail" to accomplish a mile.

A general on the point of death, opening his eyes and seeing a consultation of three physicians who were standing close by his bedside, faintly exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me!" and instantly expired.

"This snow-storm the boys regard as a joke," said one to Dr. S——, during a late storm. "Yes," replied the doctor, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of."

Medical Domestic Economy.—Stale dry bread is a very effectual check to juvenile consumption.

Make your son wise, and noble, and grand, and he will be your grandson.

Ship-Shape.—Why is a fashionable lady's dress like an iron-clad ship? Because it is heavily plaited.

It isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal: they should also be well-tempered.

Of all the vanities and fopperies, the vanity of high birth is the greatest. True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles, indeed, may be purchased; but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid.

Had Him There.—A waggish curate overheard the schoolmaster giving lessons in grammar. "You can not place *a*, the singular article," said the preceptor, "before plural nouns. No one can say *a* pigs, *a* women, *a*—" "Nonsense," cried the curate, "the Prayer-book knows better than you, I should think, or it wouldn't teach me to say *a*-men."

A boy who had stolen some apples was forgiven for the rather ingenious manner in which he excused himself. The schoolmaster asking him what he had to say for himself, the urchin replied, "The apples were Tom's; I don't know how he got them; and now they're mine, and he don't know how I got them."

"Well, Mary, are you going to the new place?" "Sure, no, ma'am! the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."

Jones (heartless fellow!) says the only parting that ever troubled him is the parting of his back hair.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

The following is official:

Perryville, Kentucky, *October* 9.
Via Bardstown, *Oct* 10, 1862.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have already advised you of the movements of the army under my command from Louisville. More or less skirmishing has occurred daily with the enemy's cavalry. Since then it was supposed the enemy would give battle at Bardstown. My troops reached that point on the 4th inst., driving out the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry and artillery. The main body retired toward Springfield, whither the pursuit was continued. The centre corps, under General Gilbert, moved on the direct road from Springfield to Perryville, and arrived on the 7th inst. within two miles of the town, where the enemy was found to be in force. The left column, under General M'Cook, came upon the Naxville road about ten o'clock yesterday (the 8th inst.). It was ordered into position to attack, and a strong reconnoissance directed. At four o'clock I received a request from General M'Cook for reinforcements, and learned that the left had been severely engaged for several hours, and that the right and left of that corps were being turned and severely pressed. Reinforcements were immediately sent forward from the centre. Orders were also sent to the right column, under General Crittenden, which was advancing by the Lebanon road, to push forward and attack the enemy's left, but it was impossible for it to get in position in time to produce any decisive result. The action continued until dark. Some fighting also occurred on the centre. *The enemy were every where repulsed*, but not without some momentary advantage on the left. The several corps were put in position during the night, and moved to the attack at six o'clock this morning. Some skirmishing occurred with the enemy's rear-guard. The main body had fallen back in the direction of Harrodsburg. I have no accurate report of our loss yet. It is probably pretty heavy, including valuable officers. Generals Jackson and Terril, I regret to say, are among the killed.

D. C. Buell,
Major-General Commanding.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

Another brilliant victory in Kentucky was reported on 12th. Dispatches received from Lebanon state that there was a great battle fought on Saturday 11th, between Harrodsburg and Danville, heavier and more severe than that of 8th at Perryville. Colonel Woolford, of the Kentucky Union cavalry, captured one hundred and sixty wagons and a thousand prisoners. The rebels, at last accounts, were retreating to Camp Dick Robinson.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN ON EMANCIPATION.

General Orders—No. 163.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland, *Oct.* 7, 1862.

The attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac is called to General Orders No. 139, War Department, September 24, 1862, publishing to the army the President's proclamation of September 22.

A proclamation of such grave moment to the nation, officially communicated to the army, affords to the general commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers under his command the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States toward the civil authorities of the Government. The Constitution confides to the civil authorities, legislative, judicial, and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding, and executing the Federal laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier. The principle upon which, and the objects for which, armies shall be employed in suppressing the rebellion, must be determined and declared by the civil authorities, and the chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation.

Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of troops by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the Government which is the highest duty of the American soldier. The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of this army to the true relation between the soldiers and the Government, the general commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the republic, and in so doing he will not be considered by any right-minded person as casting any reflection upon that loyalty and good conduct which has been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy this army will, of course, be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct toward the defenseless.

By command of Major-General M'Clellan.
James A. Hardee, Lieutenant-Colonel, Aid-de-Camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE BATTLES OF ANTIETAM AND SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

General Orders—No. 160.

Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac,
Camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland, *Oct* 3, 1862.

The Commanding General extends his congratulations to the army under his command for the victories achieved by their bravery at the passes of the South Mountain and upon the Antietam Creek.

The brilliant conduct of Reno's and Hooker's corps, under Burnside, at Turner's Gap, and of Franklin's corps at Crampton's Pass, in which, in the face of an enemy strong in position and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the mountain, and prepared the way for the advance of the army, won for them the admiration of their brethren in arms.

In the memorable battle of Antietam we defeated a numerous and powerful army of the enemy in an action desperately fought and remarkable for its duration and for the destruction of life which attended it. The obstinate bravery of the troops of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner; the dashing gallantry of those of Franklin on the right; the steady valor of those of Burnside on the left, and the vigorous support of Porter and Pleasanton, present a brilliant spectacle to our countrymen which will swell their hearts with pride and exultation.

Fourteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners, taken from the enemy, are evidences of the completeness of our triumph.

A grateful country will thank the noble army for achievements which have rescued the loyal States of the East from the ravages of the invader, and have driven him from their borders.

While rejoicing at the victories which, under God's blessing, have crowned our exertions, let us cherish the memory of our brave comrades who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field, martyrs in their country's cause. Their names will be enshrined in the hearts of the people.

By command of Major-General M'Clellan.
S. Williams, A. A. G.

A REBEL VERSION.

General Orders—No. 116.

Head-quarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
October 2, 1862.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General can not withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than eleven thousand men, and captured upward of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small-arms and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other insured its success by arresting at Boonsborough the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favorite General to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, *and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac.*

Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety; your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. Lee, General Commanding.

A REBEL RAID INTO PENNSYLVANIA.

A force of two or three thousand rebels, under the renowned Stuart, crossed the Potomac at a point far above the right wing of General M'Clellan's army, and pushed rapidly on through Mercersburg to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, reaching there at six o'clock on Friday evening, 10th. About eight hundred entered the town, the remainder remaining a mile away. They helped themselves to boots, shoes, and clothing, giving Confederate paper in some cases for pay. On Saturday morning they burned the Cumberland Valley Railroad Dépôt, and two warehouses containing a small quantity of Government stores. Then they rejoined their main body, and moved off toward Gettysburg. They borrowed or exchanged horses wherever they could, and seem to have been entirely successful in getting such articles as they most needed. No violence was done to individuals, and no resistance was made by the people, at least not until they had gone from Chambersburg. Near Gettysburg some farmers entrapped one of the moss-troopers, and that was all the resistance experienced. There is a rumor that they had a fight when they crossed the Potomac, on Friday morning, but it is doubtful; indeed, the place of their crossing is in doubt—some accounts say at Hancock, and others at Dam No. 5, several miles below. A special dispatch from Monocacy Bridge (on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about four miles south of Frederick City) says that the rebel cavalry passed eight miles below Monocacy, on Saturday night, and took breakfast at Urbanna, four miles from Monocacy, on Sunday morning. Heavy firing had been heard in the direction of Noland's Ferry (on the Potomac). Seven prisoners, captured at Urbanna, had just come in. All this indicates that the rebels were pretty surely safe over the Potomac, and probably in or beyond Leesburg, before night on Sunday, 12th.

THE VICTORY AT CORINTH.

Head-quarters of General Grant,
Jackson, Tenn., *Oct* 6—12.30 p.m.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Generals Ord and Hurlbut, came upon the enemy yesterday, and General Hurlbut having driven in small bodies of the rebels the day before, after seven hours' hard fighting drove the enemy five miles back across the Hatchie toward Corinth, capturing two batteries, about three hundred prisoners, and many small-arms.

I immediately apprised General Rosecrans of these facts, and directed him to urge on the good work. The following dispatch has just been received from him:

Chevalla, *Oct* 6, 1862.

To Major-General Grant

The enemy are totally routed, throwing every thing away. We are following sharply.

W. S. Rosecrans, Majer-General.

Under previous instructions General Hurlbut is also following. General M'Pherson is in the lead of General Rosecrans's column.

The rebel General Martin is said to be killed.

U. S. Grant,
Major-General Commanding.

THE ENEMY DISPERSED.

Later news from Corinth still further confirms the report of a splendid victory. We captured two thousand prisoners, including one hundred officers. The rebels lost one thousand killed and a large number wounded. Our loss was only three hundred and fifty killed and one thousand three hundred wounded. The rebels abandoned and spiked eleven guns, destroyed three caissons, and lost most of their ammunition and trains. General Rosecrans, after pursuing the enemy until the 9th instant, returned to Corinth at the command of General Grant. He reports the rebel army dispersed, demoralized, and incapable of further mischief. He would gladly have followed them up, under the conviction that this is the acceptable time to destroy them utterly, but for the orders of his superior to return.

A BATTLE NEAR SUFFOLK.

A battle took place on 3d inst. in the vicinity of Suffolk at Franklin, on the Blackwater River, which appears to be of considerable importance. The rebels were at least five thousand strong at that point, and were commanded by General Gustavus W. Smith (ex-Street Commissioner). The rebels were pretty badly used by our troops, who were commanded by Colonel S. P. Spear, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry, having lost fully two hundred killed and wounded, while our loss was only three in all. The attack was planned by General Dix, to drive back the advancing pickets of the enemy, and it was intended that the gunboats should co-operate with the land forces by way of Chowan Creek, from Albemarle Sound; but owing to some mistake they did not participate in the action. Our forces numbered about two thousand. The object of the attack was fully attained.

THE REBELS WINCING AT NEW ORLEANS.

Our news from New Orleans relative to the effect of General Butler's Order No. 76 is very interesting. The demand of General Butler that all citizens should take the oath of allegiance and give a return of their property has created quite a panic among the secession sympathizers, and thousands were flocking to the places appointed to take the oath, some in terror and many with sullen unwillingness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

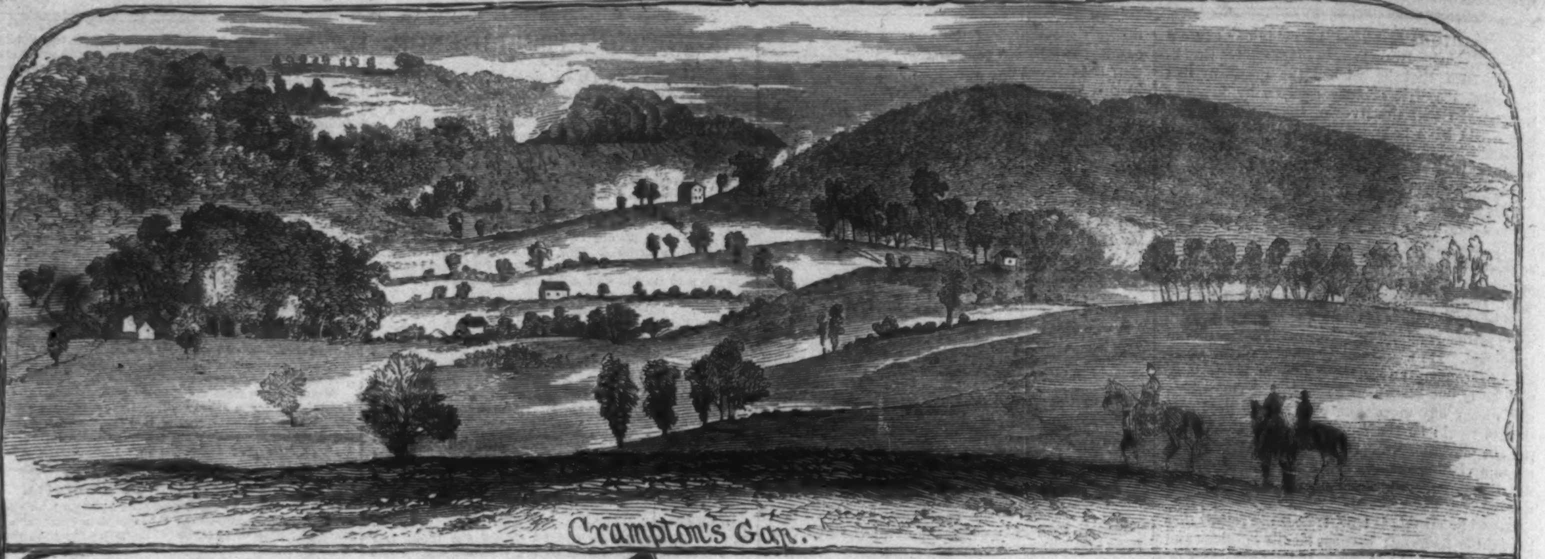
ANOTHER PIRATE AT WORK.

We have important news of the operations of the rebel steamer *Alabama*, known as "No. 290." The *Cairngorm*, an English vessel, lately arrived at Gravesend, from Sydney. She reports that when at Flores, Western Islands, three whale-boats' crews from the *Alabama* came alongside and reported that their ship, the *Ocmulgee*, of Edgartown, Massachusetts, had been burned by the *Alabama*, under command of Captain Semmes, late of the *Sumter*. The *Ocmulgee* had two hundred and fifty barrels of oil, and her crew (thirty-four men) were made prisoners. The *Alabama* had already burned four whalers. She also captured an American schooner (name unknown) in sight of the *Cairngorm*. The United States sailing sloop of war *St. Louis* left Lisbon to search, as was supposed, for the rebel privateer "No. 290" off the Azores, in consequence of her raid on American whalers.

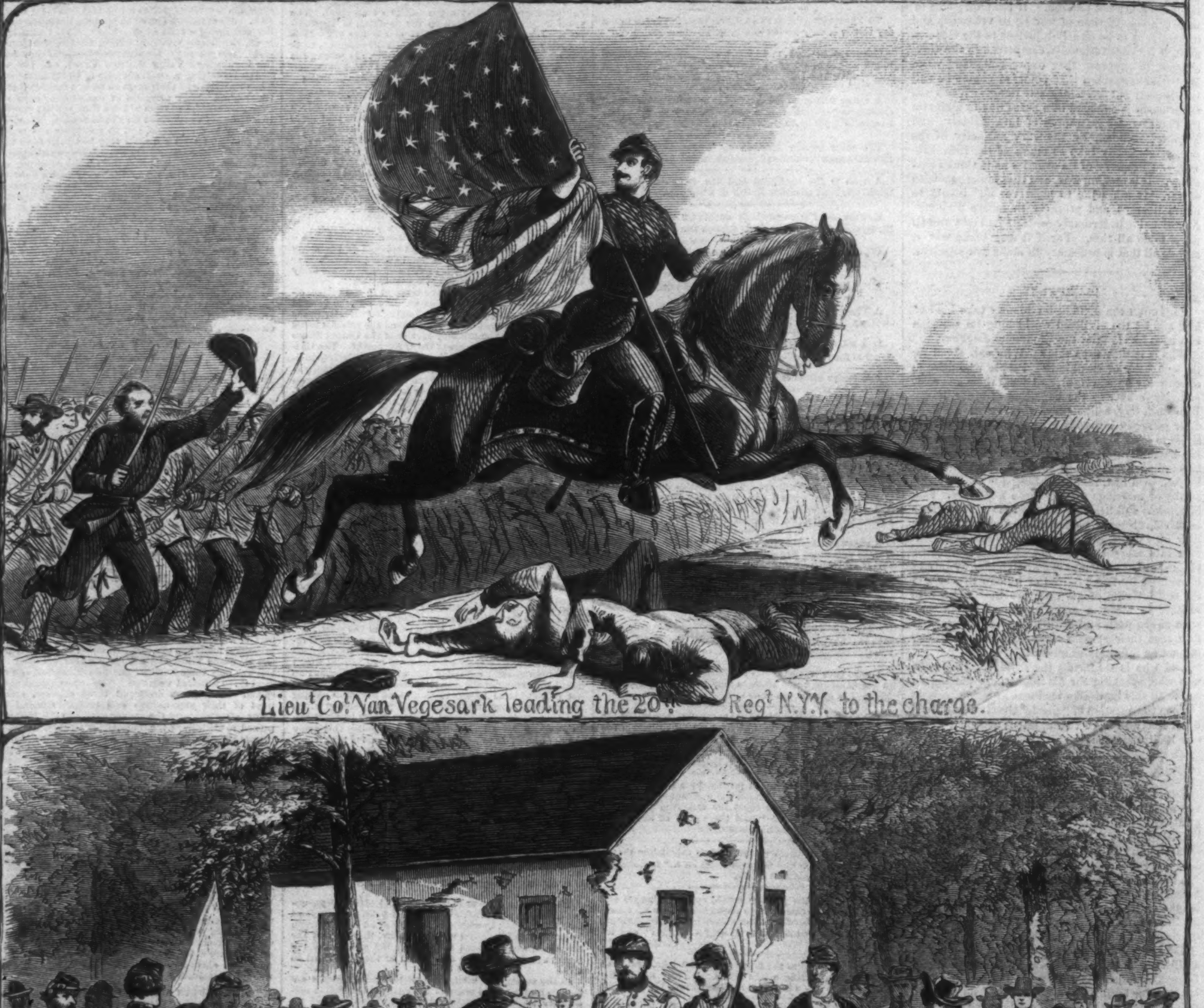
BELGIUM.

A PEACE CONGRESS.

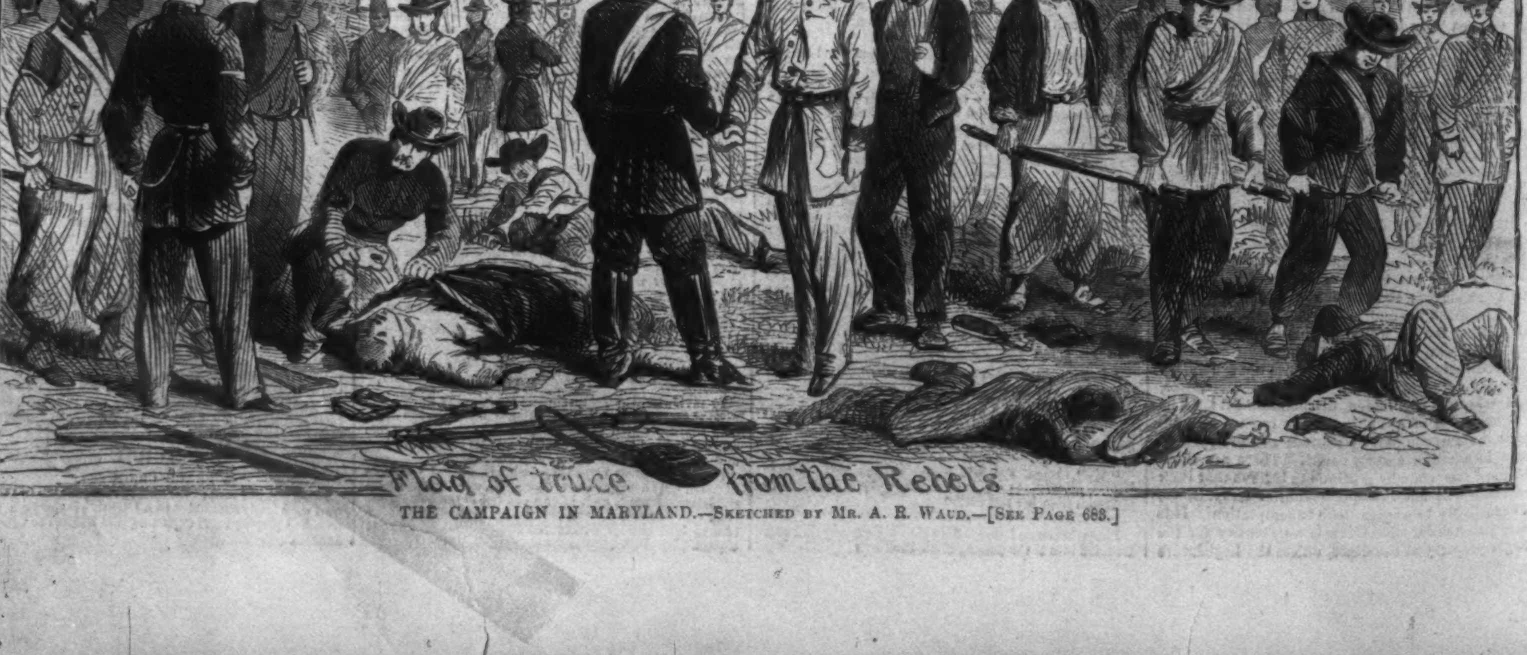
Distinguished men from almost every country in Europe, who were lately assembled in a scientific Congress at Brussels, had prepared and signed a peace address to President Lincoln.



Crampton's Gap.

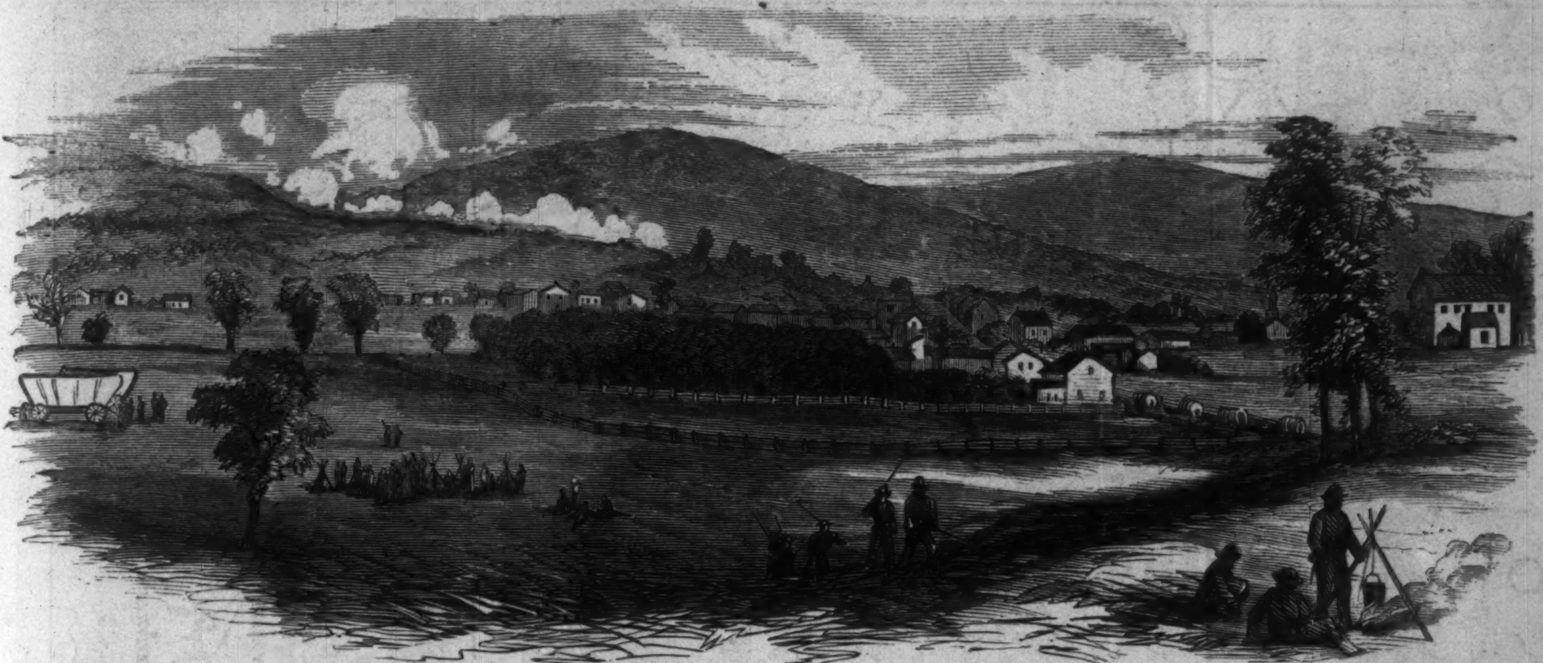


Lieu^{t} Co^{l} Van Vegesark leading the 20th Reg^{t} N.Y.V. to the charge.

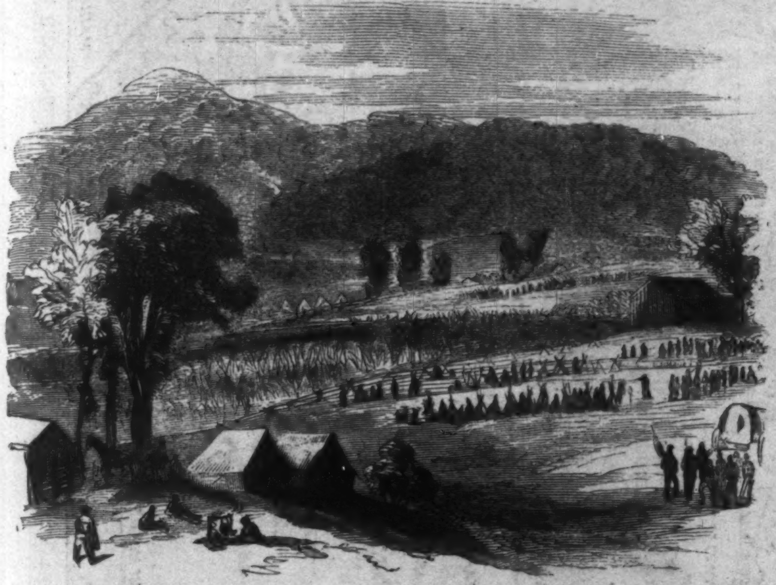


Flag of truce from the Rebels

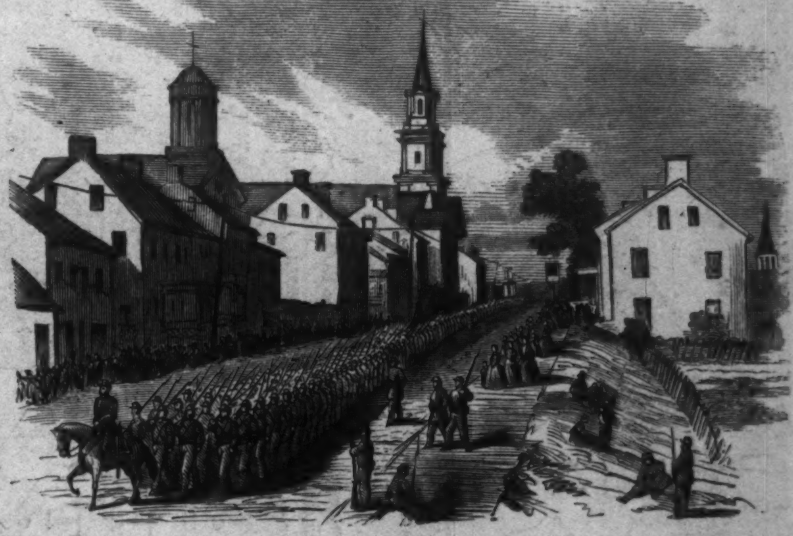
THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 683.]



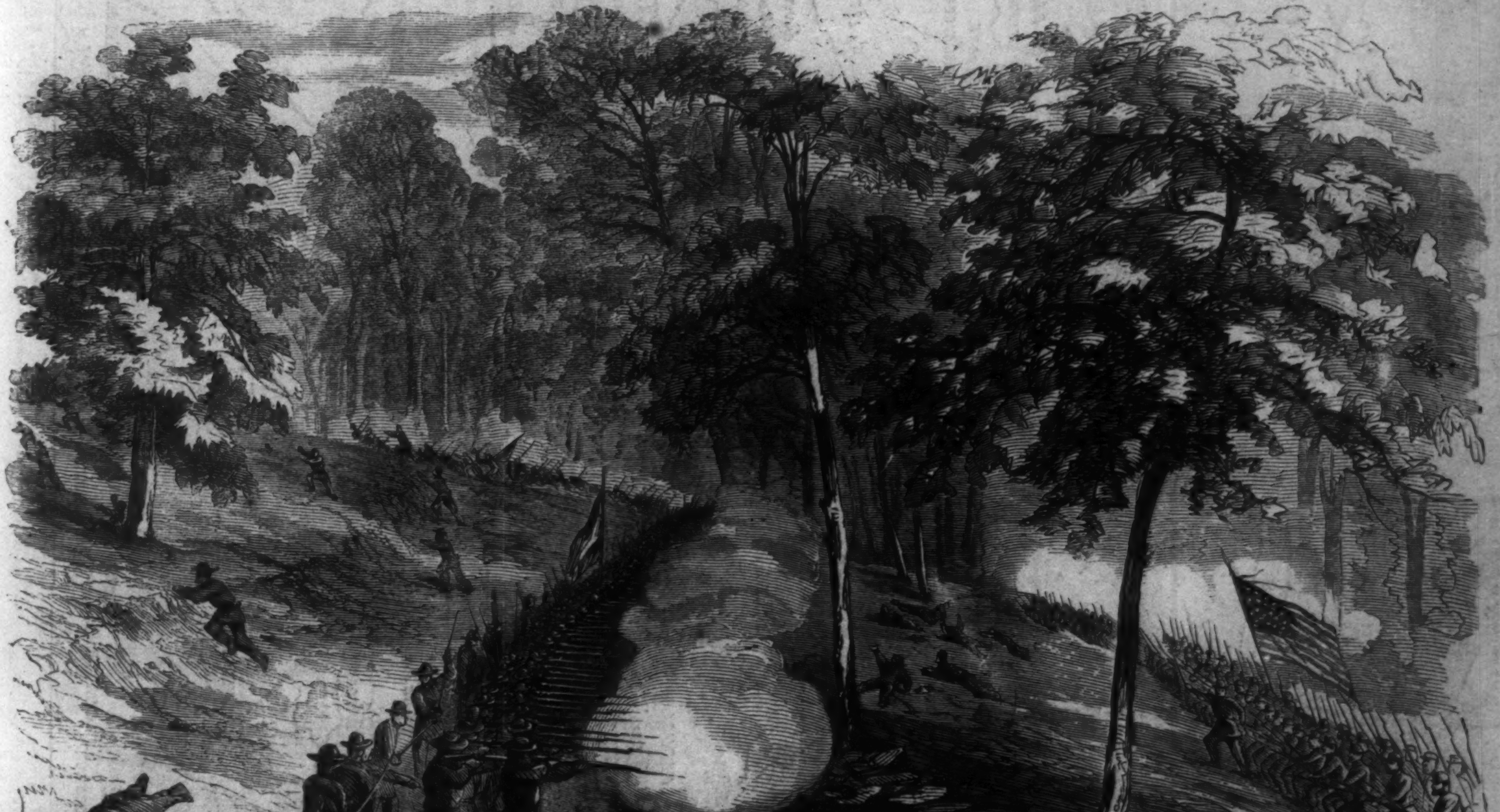
BOONESBOROUGH, MARYLAND, SOUTH MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE—SCENE OF BURNSIDE'S FIGHT.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 683.]



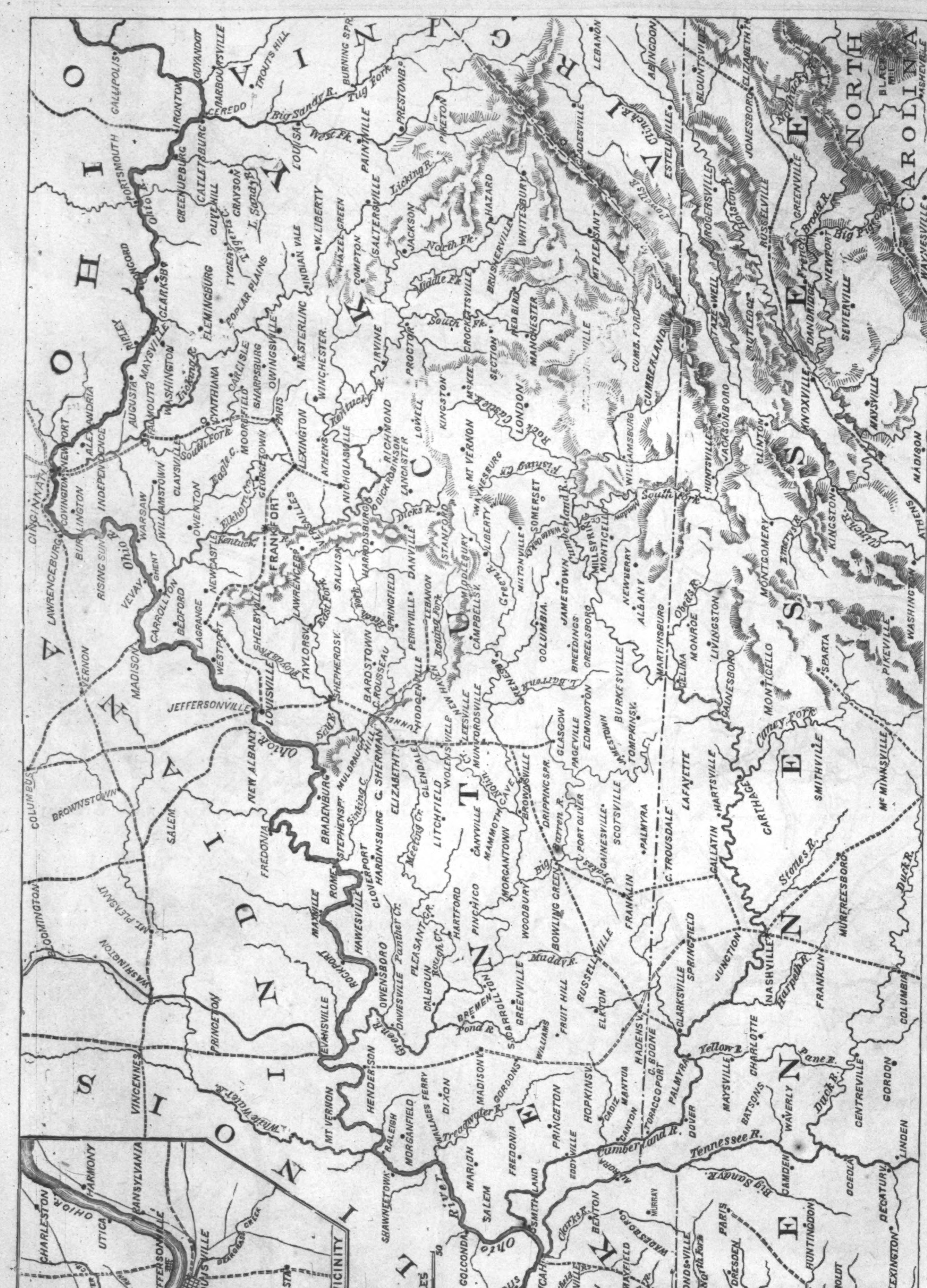
SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN, MD.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 683.]



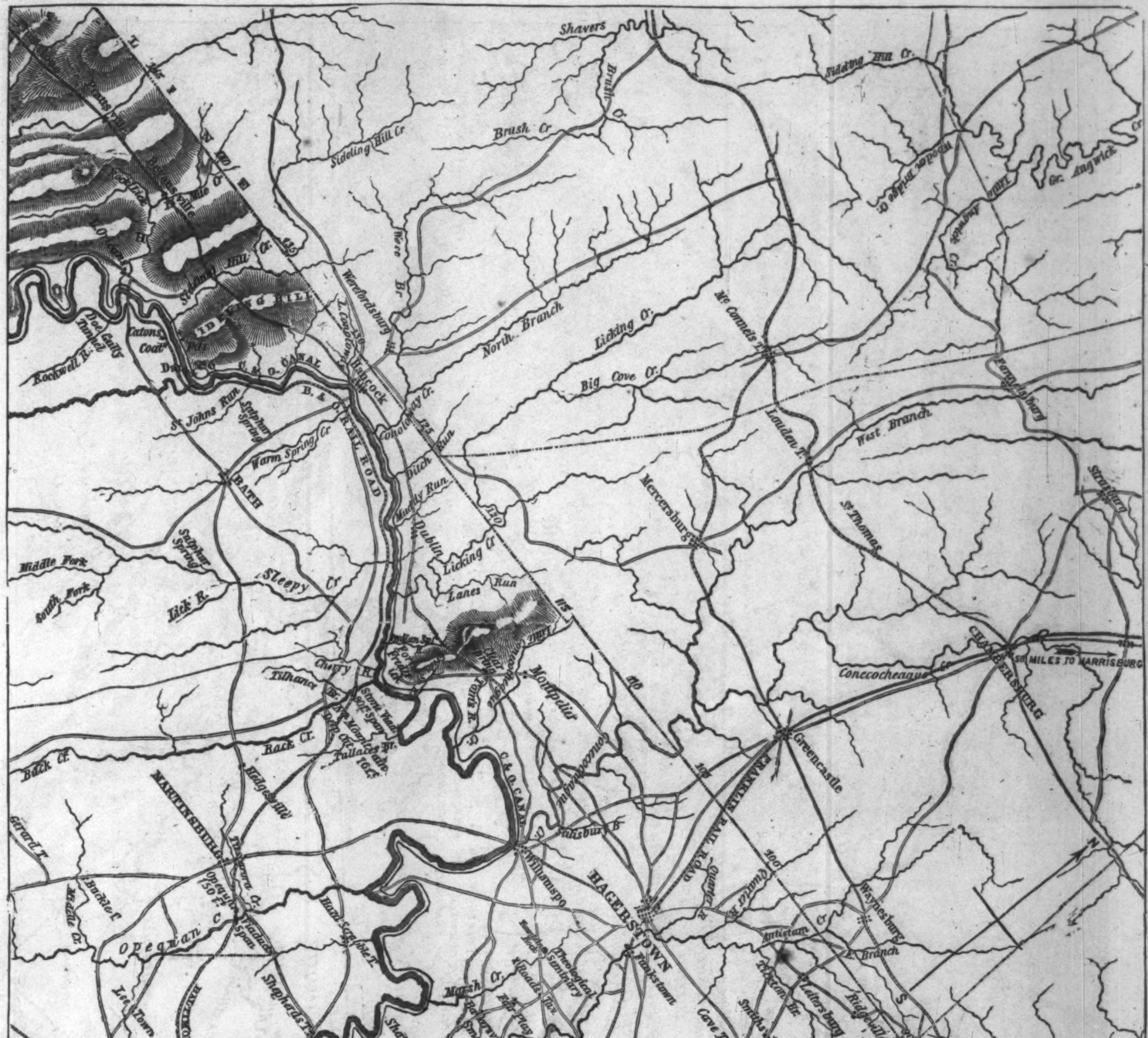
MIDDLETON, MD., NEAR SOUTH MOUNTAIN.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 683.]



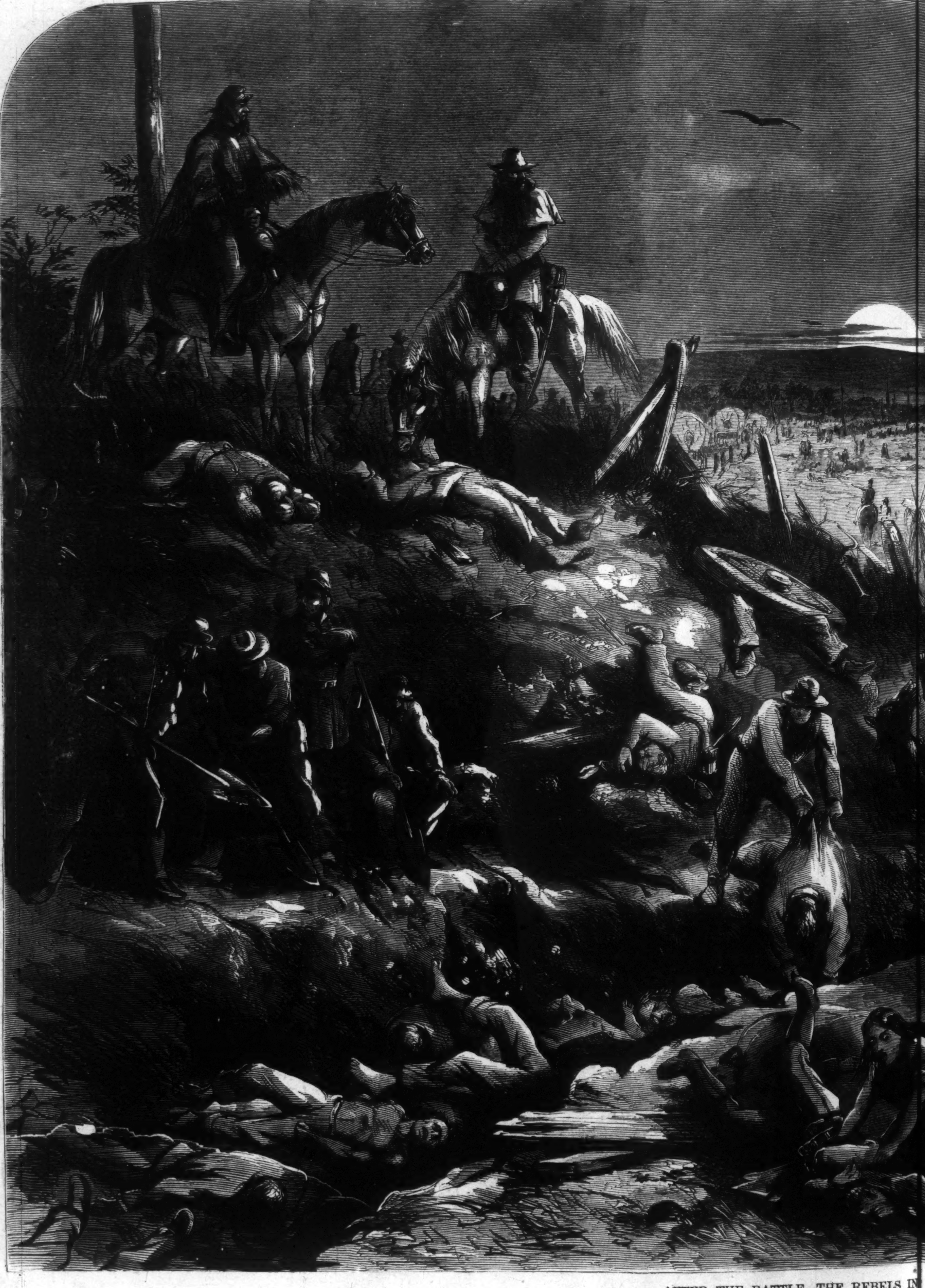
BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN—FRANKLIN'S CORPS STORMING CRAMPTON'S PASS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 683.]


OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
TENNESSEE
NORTH CAROLINA
MISSOURI
CINCINNATI
COVINGTON
NEWPORT
LOUISVILLE
JEFFERSONVILLE
NEW ALBANY
FRANKFORT
LEXINGTON
PARIS
CYNTHIANA
MAYSVILLE
RICHMOND
DANVILLE
HARRODSBURG
PERRYVILLE
SPRINGFIELD
BARDSTOWN
LEBANON
ELIZABETHT.
MUNFORDSVILLE
GLASGOW
BOWLING GREEN
RUSSELLVILLE
HOPKINSVILLE
CLARKSVILLE
NASHVILLE
GALLATIN
MURFREESBORO
KNOXVILLE
CUMBERLAND GAP
LONDON
MT. VERNON
SOMERSET
PADUCAH
COLUMBUS
CAIRO
HENDERSON
EVANSVILLE
OWENSBORO
SMITHLAND
Ohio River
Kentucky R.
Cumberland R.
Tennessee R.
Green R.
Mississippi R.
Licking R.
Big Sandy R.
SCALE OF MILES
10 30 50
LOUISVILLE AND VICINITY
SHIPPINGPORT
PORTLAND
CLARKSVILLE
NEW ALBANY
OHIO RIVER

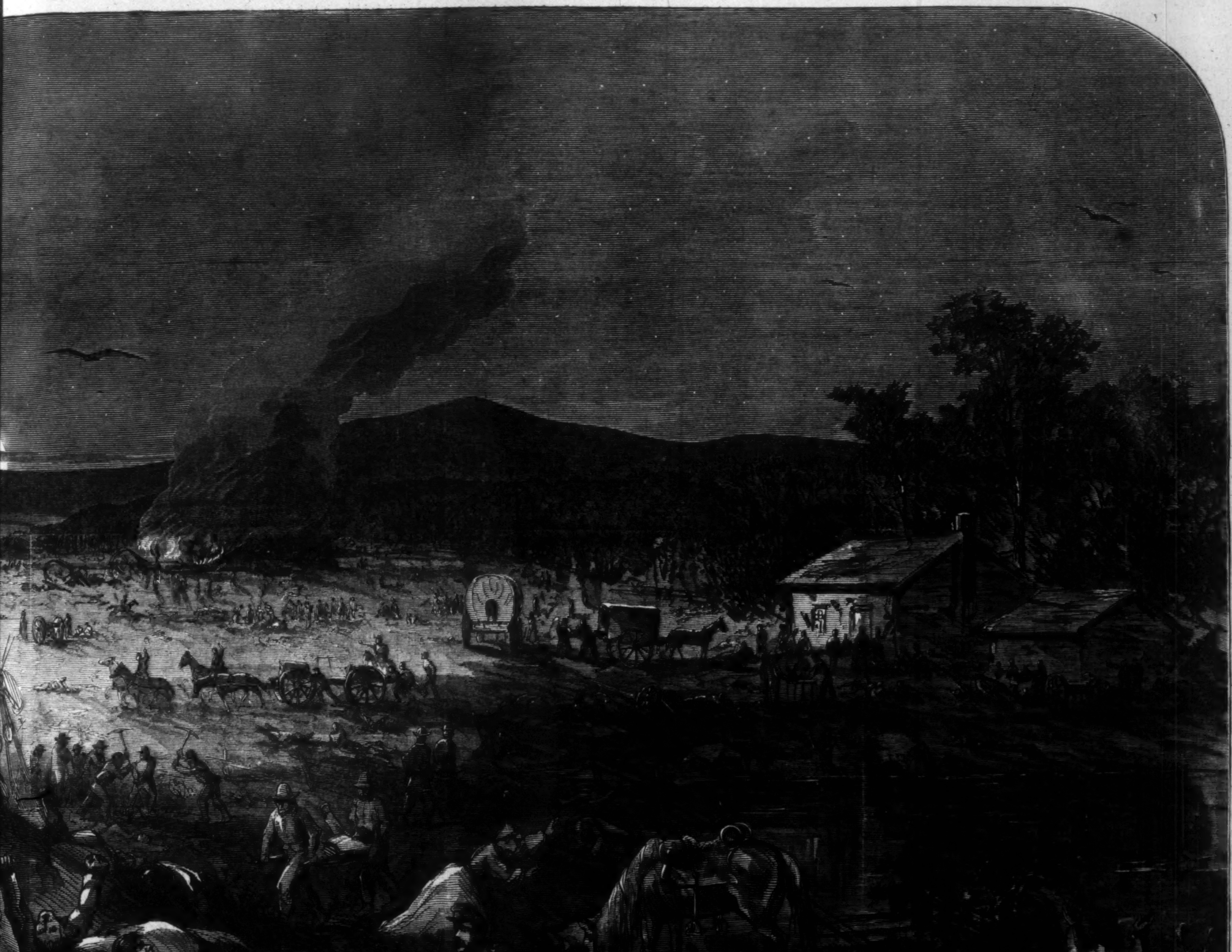
MAP OF KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF THE CONTEST BETWEEN GENERALS BUELL AND BRAGG.


HAGERSTOWN
CHAMBERSBURG
Greencastle
Mercersburg
Williamsport
Hancock
Boonsboro
Harpers Ferry
CHARLESTOWN
MARTINSBURG
BATH
LEESBURG
FREDERICK CITY
Emmitsburg
Waynesburg
Sharpsburg
Antietam Cr.
Conococheague Cr.
Licking Cr.
Sleepy Cr.
Opequan C.
Monocacy
Sugarloaf Mountain
C. & O. CANAL
B. & O. RAIL ROAD
Goose Cr.
Broad Run
58 MILES TO HARRISBURG

MAP OF PART OF MARYLAND, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE LATE REBEL RAID.



AFTER THE BATTLE—THE REBELS IN



IN POSSESSION OF THE FIELD.—[See Page 686.]

MARTIAL LAW.

THE drum, the fife, the bugle!
My life was a tranquil flood,
But the waters are suddenly shaken,
And the billows imbued with blood.

I thought we were Freedom's children—
What right have they thus to come,
Disturbing my dreams of beauty
With their fife, and bugle, and drum?

The drum, the fife, the bugle!
Why slips the pen from my hand?
What voices are crying within me?
Who menaces this fair land?

The drum, the fife, the bugle!
The foe to our gates is hurled,
And the People are marching to meet him,
With a tread that shakes the world.

The quail in the stubble are merry,
The deer skip fearless and free;
The plow-share sleeps in the furrow,
The axe sticks fast in the tree:

And men stream down like a torrent—
Is the Valley of Death their goal?
And a feeling of shame comes o'er me—
Why linger you here, my soul?

These dreamful eyes should be flashing,
These lily-white hands should be brown,
For the heart of a lion is leaping
Beneath my student's gown.

The drum, the fife, the bugle!
I follow their martial tones;
They shall lead me on victorious,
Or peal above my bones!

CINCINNATI, *September*, 1862.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM GEORGE BARTRAM TO NOEL VANSTONE.

"ST. CRUX, *September* 4, 1847.

"MY DEAR NOEL,—Here are two plain questions at starting. In the name of all that is mysterious, what are you hiding for? And why is every thing relating to your marriage kept an impenetrable secret from your oldest friends?

"I have been to Aldborough to try if I could trace you from that place, and have come back as wise as I went. I have applied to your lawyer in London, and have been told in reply that you have forbidden him to disclose the place of your retreat to any one without first receiving your permission to do so. All I could prevail on him to say was that he would forward any letter which might be sent to his care. I write accordingly, and, mind this, I expect an answer.

"You may ask, in your ill-tempered way, what business I have to meddle with affairs of yours which it is your pleasure to keep private. My dear Noel, there is a serious reason for our opening communications with you from this house. You don't know what events have taken place at St. Crux since you ran away to get married; and though I detest writing letters, I must lose an hour's shooting to-day in trying to enlighten you.

"On the twenty-third of last month the admiral and I were disturbed over our wine after dinner by the announcement that a visitor had unexpectedly arrived at St. Crux. Who do you think the visitor was? Mrs. Lecount!

"My uncle, with that old-fashioned bachelor gallantry of his, which pays equal respect to all wearers of petticoats, left the table directly to welcome Mrs. Lecount. While I was debating whether I should follow him or not, my meditations were suddenly brought to an end by a loud call from the admiral. I ran into the morning-room, and there was your unfortunate housekeeper on the sofa, with all the women-servants about her, more dead than alive. She had traveled from England to Zurich, and from Zurich back again to England, without stopping, and she looked seriously and literally at death's door. I immediately agreed with my uncle that the first thing to be done was to send for medical help. We dispatched a groom on the spot, and at Mrs. Lecount's own request sent all the servants in a body out of the room.

"As soon as we were alone Mrs. Lecount surprised us by a singular question. She asked if you had received a letter which she had addressed to you, before leaving England, at this house. When we told her that the letter had been forwarded, under cover to your friend Mr. Bygrave by your own particular request, she turned as pale as ashes; and when we added that you had left us in company with this same Mr. Bygrave, she clasped her hands and stared at us as if she had taken leave of her senses. Her next question was, 'Where is Mr. Noel now?' We could only give her one reply: Mr. Noel had not informed us. She looked perfectly thunder-struck at that answer. 'He has gone to his ruin!' she said. 'He has gone away in company with the greatest villain in England. I must find him! I tell you I must find Mr. Noel! If I don't find him at once it will be too late. He will be married!' she burst out quite frantically—'on my honor and my oath he will be married!' The admiral, incautiously perhaps, but with the best intentions, told her you were married already. She gave a scream that made the windows ring again, and dropped back on the sofa in a fainting fit. The doctor came in the nick of time, and soon brought her to. But she was taken ill the same night; she has grown worse and worse ever since, and the last medical report is that the fever from which she has been suffering is in a fair way to settle on her brain.

"Now, my dear Noel, neither my uncle nor I have any wish to intrude ourselves on your confidence. We are naturally astonished at the extraordinary mystery which hangs over you and your marriage, and we can not be blind to the fact that your housekeeper has apparently some strong reason of her own for viewing Mrs. Noel Vanstone with an enmity and distrust which we are quite ready to believe that lady has done nothing to deserve. Whatever strange misunderstanding there may have been in your household is your business (if you choose to keep it to yourself), and not ours. All we have any right to do is to tell you what the doctor says. His patient has been delirious; he declines to answer for her life if she goes on as she is going on now; and he thinks—finding that she is perpetually talking of her master—that your presence would be useful in quieting her, if you could come here at once and exert your influence before it is too late.

"What do you say? Will you emerge from the darkness that surrounds you, and come to St. Crux? If this was the case of an ordinary servant, I could understand your hesitating to leave the delights of your honey-moon for any such object as is here proposed to you. But, my dear fellow, Mrs. Lecount is not an ordinary servant. You are under obligations to her fidelity and attachment in your father's time as well as in your own; and if you *can* quiet the anxieties which seem to be driving this unfortunate woman mad, I really think you ought to come here and do so. Your leaving Mrs. Noel Vanstone is of course out of the question. There is no necessity for any such hard-hearted proceeding. The admiral desires me to remind you that he is your oldest friend living, and that his house is at your wife's disposal, as it has always been at yours. In this great rambling-place she need dread no near association with the sick-room; and, with all my uncle's oddities, I am sure she will not think the offer of his friendship an offer to be despised.

"Have I told you already that I went to Aldborough to try and find a clew to your whereabouts? I can't be at the trouble of looking back to see; so if I have told you, I tell you again. The truth is, I made an acquaintance at Aldborough of whom you know something, at least by report.

"After applying vainly at Sea View, I went to the hotel to inquire about you. The landlady could give me no information; but the moment I mentioned your name she asked if I was related to you; and when I told her I was your cousin, she said there was a young lady then at the hotel whose name was Vanstone also, who was in great distress about a missing relative, and who might prove of some use to me, or I to her, if we knew of each other's errand at Aldborough. I had not the least idea who she was, but I sent in my card at a venture, and in five minutes afterward I found myself in the presence of one of the most charming women these eyes ever looked on.

"Our first words of explanation informed me that my family name was known to her by repute. Who do you think she was? The eldest daughter of my uncle and yours—Andrew Vanstone. I had often heard my poor mother in past years speak of her brother Andrew, and I knew of that sad story at Combe-Raven. But our families, as you are aware, had always been estranged; and I had never seen my charming cousin before. She has the dark eyes and hair, and the gentle, retiring manners that I always admire in a woman. I don't want to renew our old disagreement about your father's conduct to those two sisters, or to deny that his brother Andrew may have behaved badly to him; I am willing to admit that the high moral position he took in the matter is quite unassailable by such a miserable sinner as I am; and I will not dispute that my own spendthrift habits incapacitate me from offering any opinion on the conduct of other people's pecuniary affairs. But, with all these allowances and drawbacks, I can tell you one thing, Noel: if you ever see the elder Miss Vanstone, I venture to prophesy that for the first time in your life you will doubt the propriety of following your father's example.

"She told me her little story, poor thing, most simply and unaffectedly. She is now occupying her second situation as a governess, and, as usual, I, who know every body, know the family. They are friends of my uncle's, whom he has lost sight of latterly—the Tyrrels of Portland Place—and they treat Miss Vanstone with as much kindness and consideration as if she was a member of the family. One of their old servants accompanied her to Aldborough, her object in traveling to that place being what the landlady of the hotel had stated it to be. The family reverses have, it seems, had a serious effect on Miss Vanstone's younger sister, who has left her friends, and who has been missing from home for some time. She had been last heard of at Aldborough; and her elder sister, on her return from the Continent with the Tyrrels, had instantly set out to make inquiries at that place.

"This was all Miss Vanstone told me. She asked whether you had seen any thing of her sister, or whether Mrs. Lecount knew any thing of her sister—I suppose because she was aware you had been at Aldborough. Of course I could tell her nothing. She entered into no details on the subject, and I could not presume to ask her for any. All I did was to set to work with might and main to assist her inquiries. The attempt was an utter failure—nobody could give us any information. We tried personal description, of course; and, strange to say, the only young lady formerly staying at Aldborough who answered the description was, of all the people in the world, the lady you have married! If she had not had an uncle and aunt (both of whom have left the place), I should have begun to suspect that you had married your cousin without knowing it! Is this the clew to the mystery? Don't be angry; I must have my little joke, and I can't help writing as carelessly as I talk. The end of it was, our inquiries were all baffled, and I traveled back with Miss Vanstone and her attendant as far as our station here. I think I shall call on the Tyrrels when I am next in London. I have certainly treated that family with the most inexcusable neglect.

"Here I am at the end of my third sheet of note-paper! I don't often take the pen in hand, but when I do you will agree with me that I am in no hurry to lay it aside again. Treat the rest of my letter as you like, but consider what I have told you about Mrs. Lecount, and remember that time is of consequence.

"Ever yours, GEORGE BARTRAM."

II.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"PORTLAND PLACE.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—More sorrow, more disappointment! I have just returned from Aldborough without making any discovery. Magdalen is still lost to us.

"I can not attribute this new overthrow of my hopes to any want of perseverance or penetration in making the necessary inquiries. My inexperience in such matters was most kindly and unexpectedly assisted by Mr. George Bartram. By a strange coincidence he happened to be at Aldborough inquiring after Mr. Noel Vanstone at the very time when I was there inquiring after Magdalen. He sent in his card; and knowing, when I looked at the name, that he was my cousin—if I may call him so—I thought there would be no impropriety in my seeing him and asking his advice. I abstained from entering into particulars for Magdalen's sake, and I made no allusion to that letter of Mrs. Lecount's which you answered for me. I only told him Magdalen was missing, and had been last heard of at Aldborough. The kindness which he showed in devoting himself to my assistance exceeds all description. He treated me, in my forlorn situation, with a delicacy and respect which I shall remember gratefully long after he has himself, perhaps, forgotten our meeting altogether. He is quite young—not more than thirty, I should think. In face and figure he reminded me a little of the portrait of my father at Combe-Raven—I mean the portrait in the dining-room of my father when he was a young man.

"Useless as our inquiries were, there is one result of them which has left a very strange and shocking impression on my mind.

"It appears that Mr. Noel Vanstone has lately married, under mysterious circumstances, a young lady whom he met with at Aldborough, named Bygrave. He has gone away with his wife, telling nobody but his lawyer where he has gone to. This I heard from Mr. George Bartram, who was endeavoring to trace him, for the purpose of communicating the news of his housekeeper's serious illness, the housekeeper being the same Mrs. Lecount whose letter you answered. So far, you may say, there is nothing which need particularly interest either of us. But I think you will be as much surprised as I was when I tell you that the description given by the people at Aldborough of Miss Bygrave's appearance is most startlingly and unaccountably like the description of Magdalen's appearance. This discovery, taken in connection with all the circumstances we know of, has had an effect on my mind which I can not describe to you, which I dare not realize to myself. Pray come and see me! I have never felt so wretched about Magdalen as I feel now. Suspense must have weakened my nerves in some strange way. I feel superstitious about the slightest things. This accidental resemblance of a total stranger to Magdalen fills me, every now and then, with the most horrible misgivings, merely because Mr. Noel Vanstone's name happens to be mixed up with it. Once more pray come to me; I have so much to say to you that I can not and dare not say in writing.

"Gratefully and affectionately yours,
"NORAH."

III.

FROM MR. JOHN LOSCOMBE (SOLICITOR) TO GEORGE BARTRAM, ESQ.

"LINCOLN'S INN, LONDON, *September* 6, 1847.

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note inclosing a letter addressed to my client, Mr. Noel Vanstone, and requesting that I will forward the same to Mr. Vanstone's present address.

"Since I last had the pleasure of communicating with you on this subject my position toward my client is entirely altered. Three days ago I received a letter from him which stated his intention of changing his place of residence on the next day then ensuing, but which left me entirely in ignorance on the subject of the locality to which it was his intention to remove. I have not heard from him since; and, as he had previously drawn on me for a larger sum of money than usual, there would be no present necessity for his writing to me again—assuming that it is his wish to keep his place of residence concealed from every one, myself included.

"Under these circumstances I think it right to return you your letter, with the assurance that I will let you know if I happen to be again placed in a position to forward it to its destination.

"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

IV.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"PORTLAND PLACE.

"MY DEAR MISS GARTH,—Forget the letter I wrote to you yesterday, and all the gloomy forebodings that it contains. This morning's post has brought new life to me—I have heard from Magdalen!

"The letter is very short; it seems to have been written in a hurry. She says she has been dreaming of me for some nights past, and the dreams have made her fear that her long silence has caused me more distress, on her account, than she is worth. She writes therefore to assure me that she is safe and well—that she hopes to see me before long—and that she has something to tell me, when we meet, which will try my sisterly love for her as nothing has tried it yet. The letter is not dated; but the post-mark is 'Allonby,' which I have found, on referring to the Gazetteer, to be a little sea-side place in Cumberland. There is no hope of my being able to write back—for Magdalen expressly says that she is on the eve of departure from her present residence, and that she is not at liberty to say where she is going to next, or to leave instructions for forwarding any letters after her.

"In happier times I should have thought this letter very far from being a satisfactory one—and I should have been seriously alarmed by that allusion to a future confidence on her part which will try my love for her as nothing has tried it yet. But after all the suspense I have suffered the happiness of seeing her handwriting again seems to fill my heart, and to keep all other feelings out of it. I don't send you her letter because I know you are coming to me soon, and I want to have the pleasure of seeing you read it.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"NORAH.

"P.S. Mr. George Bartram called on Mrs. Tyrrel to-day. He insisted on being introduced to the children. When he was gone, Mrs. Tyrrel laughed in her good-humored way, and said that his anxiety to see the children looked, to her mind, very much like an anxiety to see *me*. You may imagine how my spirits are improved when I can occupy my pen in writing such nonsense as this!"

V.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLERIOT, GENERAL AGENT, LONDON.

"ST. CRUX, *October* 28, 1847.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been long in thanking you for the kind letter which promises me your assistance, in friendly remembrance of the commercial relations formerly existing between my brother and yourself. The truth is, I have overtasked my strength on my recovery from a long and dangerous illness; and for the last ten days I have been suffering under a relapse. I am now better again, and able to enter on the business which you so kindly offer to undertake for me.

"The person whose present place of abode it is of the utmost importance to me to discover is Mr. Noel Vanstone. I have lived for many years past in this gentleman's service as housekeeper, and, not having received my formal dismissal, I consider myself in his service still. During my absence on the Continent he was privately married at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the eighteenth of August last. He left Aldborough the same day, taking his wife with him to some place of retreat which was kept a secret from every body except his lawyer, Mr. Loscombe, of Lincoln's Inn. After a short time he again removed, on the 4th of September, without informing Mr. Loscombe on this occasion of his new place of abode. From that date to this the lawyer has remained (or has pretended to remain) in total ignorance of where he now is. Application has been made to Mr. Loscombe, under the circumstances, to mention what that former place of residence was of which Mr. Vanstone is known to have informed him. Mr. Loscombe has declined acceding to this request for want of formal permission to disclose his client's proceedings after leaving Aldborough. I have all these latter particulars from Mr. Loscombe's correspondent—the nephew of the gentleman who owns this house, and whose charity has given me an asylum, during the heavy affliction of my sickness, under his own roof.

"I believe the reasons which have induced Mr. Noel Vanstone to keep himself and his wife in hiding are reasons which relate entirely to myself. In the first place, he is aware that the circumstances under which he has married are such as to give me the right of regarding him with a just indignation. In the second place, he knows that my faithful services, rendered through a period of twenty years, to his father and to himself, forbid him, in common decency, to cast me out helpless on the world without a provision for the end of my life. He is the meanest of living men, and his wife is the vilest of living women. As long as he can avoid fulfilling his obligations to me he will, and his wife's encouragement may be trusted to fortify him in his ingratitude.

"My object in determining to find him out is briefly this: His marriage has exposed him to consequences which a man of ten times his courage could not face without shrinking. Of those consequences he knows nothing. His wife knows, and keeps him in ignorance. I know, and can enlighten him. His security from the danger that threatens him is in my hands alone, and he shall pay the price of his rescue to the last farthing of the debt that justice claims for me as my due—no more and no less.

"I have now laid my mind before you, as you told me, without reserve. You know why I want to find this man, and what I mean to do when I find him. I leave it to your sympathy for me to answer the serious question that remains: How is the discovery to be made? If a first trace of them can be found after their departure from Aldborough, I believe careful inquiry will suffice for the rest. The personal appearance of the wife, and the extraordinary contrast between her husband and herself, is certain to be remarked and remembered by every stranger who sees them.

"When you favor me with your answer, please address it to 'Care of Admiral Bartram, St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, near Ossory, Essex.'

"Your much obliged,
"VIRGINIE LECOUNT."

VI.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"DARK'S BUILDINGS, KINGSLAND,
October 25, 1847.
[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

"DEAR MADAM,—I hasten to reply to your favor of Saturday's date. Circumstances have enabled me to forward your interests by consulting a friend of mine possessing great experience in the management of private inquiries of all sorts. I have placed your case before him (without mentioning names), and I am happy to inform you that my views and his views of the proper course to take agree in every particular.

"Both myself and friend, then, are of opinion that little or nothing can be done toward tracing the parties you mention until the place of their temporary residence, after they left Aldborough, has been discovered first. If this can be done, the sooner it is done the better. Judging from your letter, some weeks must have passed since the lawyer received his information that they had shifted their quarters. As they are both remarkable-looking people, the strangers who may have assisted them on their travels have probably not forgotten them yet. Nevertheless, expedition is desirable.

"The question for you to consider is, whether they may not possibly have communicated the address of which we stand in need to some other person besides the lawyer. The husband may have written to members of his family, or the wife may have written to members of her family. Both myself and friend are of opinion that the latter chance is the likeliest of the two. If you have any means of access in the direction of the wife's family, we strongly recommend you to make use of them. If not, please supply us with the names of any of her near relations or intimate female friends whom you know, and we will endeavor to get access for you.

"In any case we request you will at once favor us with the most exact personal description that can be written of both the parties. We may require your assistance in this important particular at five minutes' notice. Favor us, therefore, with the description by return of post. In the mean time we will endeavor to ascertain on our side whether any information is to be privately obtained at Mr. Loscombe's office. The lawyer himself is probably altogether beyond our reach. But if any one of his clerks can be advantageously treated with on such terms as may not overtax your pecuniary resources, accept my assurance that the opportunity shall be made the most of by,

"Dear Madam,
"Your faithful servant,
"ALFRED DE BLERIOT."

VII.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO NORAH VANSTONE.

"SEARLE STREET, *October* 27, 1847.

"MY DEAR MISS VANSTONE,—A lady, named Lecount (formerly attached to Mr. Noel Vanstone's service in the capacity of housekeeper), has called at my office this morning, and has asked me to furnish her with your address. I have begged her to excuse my immediate compliance with her request, and to favor me with a call to-morrow morning, when I shall be prepared to meet her with a definite answer.

"My hesitation in this matter does not proceed from any distrust of Mrs. Lecount personally, for I know nothing whatever to her prejudice. But in making her request to me she stated that the object of the desired interview was to speak to you privately on the subject of your sister. Forgive me for acknowledging that I determined to withhold the address as soon as I heard this. You will make allowances for your old friend and your sincere well-wisher? You will not take it amiss if I express my strong disapproval of your allowing yourself, on any pretense whatever, to be mixed up for the future with your sister's proceedings.

"I will not distress you by saying more than this. But I feel too deep an interest in your welfare, and too sincere an admiration of the patience with which you have borne all your trials, to say less.

"If I can not prevail on you to follow my advice, you have only to say so, and Mrs. Lecount shall have your address to-morrow. In this case (which I can not contemplate without the greatest unwillingness), let me at least recommend you to stipulate that Miss Garth should be present at the interview. In any matter with which your sister is concerned you may want an old friend's advice and an old friend's protection against your own generous impulses. If I could have helped you in this way I would; but Mrs. Lecount gave me indirectly to understand that the subject to be discussed was of too delicate a nature to permit of my presence. Whatever this objection may be really worth it can not apply to Miss Garth, who has brought you both up from childhood. I say again, therefore, if you see Mrs. Lecount, see her in Miss Garth's company.

"Always most truly yours,
"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

VIII.

FROM NORAH VANSTONE TO MR. PENDRIL.

"PORTLAND PLACE, *Wednesday.*

"DEAR MR. PENDRIL,—Pray don't think I am ungrateful for your kindness. Indeed, indeed I am not! But I must see Mrs. Lecount. You were not aware, when you wrote to me, that I had received a few lines from Magdalen—not telling me where she is, but holding out the hope of our meeting before long. Perhaps Mrs. Lecount may have something to say to me on this very subject? Even if it should not be so, my sister—do what she may—is still my sister. I can't desert her; I can't turn my back on any one who comes to me in her name. You know, dear Mr. Pendril, I have always been obstinate on this subject; and you have always borne with me. Let me owe another obligation to you which I can never return—and bear with me still!

"Need I say that I willingly accept that part of your advice which refers to Miss Garth? I have already written to beg that she will come here at four to-morrow afternoon. When you see Mrs. Lecount, please inform her that Miss Garth will be with me, and that she will find us both ready to receive her here to-morrow at four o'clock.

"Gratefully yours,
"NORAH VANSTONE."

IX.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"DARK'S BUILDINGS, *October* 28.
[PRIVATE.]

"DEAR MADAM,—One of Mr. Loscombe's clerks has proved amenable to a small pecuniary consideration, and has mentioned a circumstance which it may be of some importance to you to know.

"Nearly a month since accident gave the clerk in question an opportunity of looking into one of the documents on his master's table, which had attracted his attention from a slight peculiarity in the form and color of the paper. He had only time, during Mr. Loscombe's momentary absence, to satisfy his curiosity by looking at the beginning of the document, and at the end. At the beginning, he saw the customary form used in making a will. At the end, he discovered the signature of Mr. Noel Vanstone, with the names of two witnesses underneath, and the date (of which he is quite certain)—*the thirtieth of September last.*

"Before the clerk had time to make any further investigations his master returned, sorted the papers on the table, and carefully locked up the will in the strong box devoted to the custody of Mr. Noel Vanstone's documents. It has been ascertained that at the close of September Mr. Loscombe was absent from the office. If he was then employed in superintending the execution of his client's will—which is quite possible—it follows clearly that he was in the secret of Mr. Vanstone's address, after the removal of the 4th of September; and if you can do nothing on your side, it may be desirable to have the lawyer watched on ours. In any case it is certainly ascertained that Mr. Noel Vanstone has made his will since his marriage. I leave you to draw your own conclusions from that fact, and remain, in the hope of hearing from you shortly,

"Your faithful servant,
"ALFRED DE BLERIOT."

X.

FROM MISS GARTH TO MR. PENDRIL.

"PORTLAND PLACE, *October* 28.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Lecount has just left us. If it was not too late to wish, I should wish from the bottom of my heart that Norah had taken your advice, and had refused to see her.

"I write in such distress of mind that I can not hope to give you a clear and complete account of the interview. I can only tell you briefly what Mrs. Lecount has done, and what our situation now is. The rest must be left until I am more composed, and until I can speak to you personally.

"You will remember my informing you of the letter which Mrs. Lecount addressed to Norah from Aldborough, and which I answered for her in her absence. When Mrs. Lecount made her appearance to-day, her first words announced to us that she had come to renew the subject. As well as I can remember it, this is what she said, addressing herself to Norah:

"'I wrote to you on the subject of your sister, Miss Vanstone, some little time since; and Miss Garth was so good as to answer the letter. What I feared at that time has come true. Your sister has defied all my efforts to check her; she has disappeared in company with my master, Mr. Noel Vanstone; and she is now in a position of danger, which may lead to her disgrace and ruin at a moment's notice. It is my interest to recover my master; it is your interest to save your sister. Tell me—for time is precious—have you any news of her?'

"Norah answered, as well as her terror and distress would allow her, 'I have had a letter, but there was no address on it.'

"Mrs. Lecount asked, 'Was there no postmark on the envelope?'

"Norah said, 'Yes, Allonby.'

"'Allonby is better than nothing,' said Mrs. Lecount. 'Allonby may help you to trace her. Where is Allonby?'

"Norah told her. It all passed in a minute. I had been too much confused and startled to interfere before, but I composed myself sufficiently to interfere now.

"'You have entered into no particulars,' I said. 'You have only frightened us—you have told us nothing.'

"'You shall hear the particulars, ma'am,' said Mrs. Lecount; 'and you and Miss Vanstone shall judge for yourselves if I have frightened you without a cause.'

"Upon this she entered at once upon a long narrative, which I can not—I might almost say, which I dare not—repeat. You will understand the horror we both felt when I tell you the end. If Mrs. Lecount's statement is to be relied on, Magdalen has carried her mad resolution of recovering her father's fortune to the last and most desperate extremity—she has married Michael Vanstone's son under a false name. Her husband is at this moment still persuaded that her maiden name was Bygrave, and that she is really the niece of a scoundrel who assisted her imposture, and whom I recognize by the description of him to have been Captain Wragge.

"I spare you Mrs. Lecount's cool avowal, when she rose to leave us, of her own mercenary motives in wishing to discover her master and to enlighten him. I spare you the hints she dropped of Magdalen's purpose in contracting this infamous marriage. The one aim and object of my letter is, to implore you to assist me in quieting Norah's anguish of mind. The shock she has received at hearing this news of her sister is not the worst result of what has happened. She has persuaded herself that the answers she innocently gave in her distress to Mrs. Lecount's questions on the subject of the letter—the answers wrung from her under the sudden pressure of confusion and alarm—may be used to Magdalen's prejudice by the woman who purposely startled her into giving the information. I can only prevent her from taking some desperate step on her side—some step by which she may forfeit the friendship and protection of the excellent people with whom she is now living—by reminding her that if Mrs. Lecount traces her master by means of the post-mark on the letter, we may trace Magdalen at the same time, and by the same means. Whatever objection you may personally feel to renewing the efforts for the rescue of this miserable girl, which failed so lamentably at York, I entreat you, for Norah's sake, to take the same steps now which we took then. Send me the only assurance which will quiet her—the assurance, under your own hand, that the search on our side has begun. If you will do this, you may trust me when the time comes to stand between these two sisters, and to defend Norah's peace, character, and future prosperity, at any price. Most sincerely yours,

"HARRIET GARTH."

XI.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLERIOT.

"*October* 28.

"DEAR SIR,—I have found the trace you wanted. Mrs. Noel Vanstone has written to her sister. The letter contains no address; but the post-mark is Allonby, in Cumberland. From Allonby, therefore, the inquiries must begin. You have already in your possession the personal description of both husband and wife. I urgently recommend you not to lose one unnecessary moment. If it is possible to send to Cumberland immediately on receipt of this letter, I beg you will do so.

"I have another word to say before I close my note—a word about the discovery in Mr. Loscombe's office.

"It is no surprise to me to hear that Mr. Noel Vanstone has made his will since his marriage; and I am at no loss to guess in whose favor the will is made. If I succeed in finding my master—let that person get the money, if that person can! A course to follow in this matter has presented itself to my mind since I received your letter, but my ignorance of details of business and intricacies of law leaves me still uncertain whether my idea is capable of ready and certain execution. I will call at your office to-morrow at two o'clock for the purpose of consulting you on the subject. It is of great importance when I next see Mr. Noel Vanstone that he should find me thoroughly prepared beforehand in this matter of the will.

"Your much obliged servant,
"VIRGINIE LECOUNT."

XII.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"SEARLE STREET, *October* 29.

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—I have only a moment to assure you of the sorrow with which I have read your letter. The circumstances under which you urge your request, and the reasons you give for making it, are sufficient to silence any objection I might otherwise feel to the course you propose. A trust-worthy person, whom I have myself instructed, will start for Allonby to-day; and as soon as I receive any news from him, you shall hear of it by special messenger. Tell Miss Vanstone this, and pray add the sincere expression of my sympathy and regard.

"Faithfully yours,
"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

XIII.

FROM MR. DE BLERIOT TO MRS. LECOUNT.

"DARK'S BUILDINGS, *November* 1.

"DEAR MADAM,—I have the pleasure of informing you that the discovery has been made with far less trouble than I had anticipated.

"Mr. and Mrs. Noel Vanstone have been traced across the Solway Firth to Dumfries, and thence to a cottage a few miles from the town, on the banks of the Nith. The exact address is, Baliol Cottage, near Dumfries.

"This information, though easily hunted up, has nevertheless been obtained under rather singular circumstances.

"Before leaving Allonby, the persons in my employ discovered, to their surprise, that a stranger was in the place pursuing the same inquiry as themselves. In the absence of any instructions preparing them for such an occurrence as this, they took their own view of the circumstance. Considering the man as an intruder on their business, whose success might deprive them of the credit and reward of making the discovery, they took advantage of their superiority in numbers, and of their being first in the field, and carefully misled the stranger before they ventured any further with their own investigations. I am in possession of the details of their proceedings, with which I need not trouble you. The end is, that this person, whoever he may be, was cleverly turned back southward, on a false scent, before the men in my employment crossed the Firth.

"I mention the circumstance, as you may be better able than I am to find a clew to it, and as it may possibly be of a nature to induce you to hasten your journey.

"Your faithful servant,
"ALFRED DE BLERIOT."

XIV.

FROM MRS. LECOUNT TO MR. DE BLERIOT.

"*November* 1.

"DEAR SIR,—One line to say that your letter has just reached me at my lodging in London. I think I know who sent the strange man to inquire at Allonby. It matters little. Before he finds out his mistake I shall be at Dumfries. My luggage is packed, and I start for the North by the next train.

"Your deeply obliged,
"VIRGINIE LECOUNT."

THE CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

OUR special artist with the Army of the Potomac has sent us sketches which we reproduce on pages 676 and 677. Most of these pictures explain themselves; but we subjoin Mr. Waud's descriptions:

SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN

is used as a signal station, having a very extensive view over the neighboring country. When the Confederates were in Maryland their signal officers occupied it, but the advance of Franklin's corps drove them off, and re-established our own on its summit.

MIDDLETON

is a small town away from railroads, on the stage-road from Frederick to Hagerstown. The right wing of the army passed through on its way to attack the enemy at the battle of South Mountain.

THORNTON'S GAP

is about six miles from Middleton. The turnpike here crosses the mountain. It was held by the rebels in force, and considered an impregnable position, but it could not stand before the determined valor of the Union army. Our sketch is from the north side of the mountain, the smoke on the top of the mountain at each side of the gap showing where the battle was fought. Nearer is the village of Boonesborough, six miles from the battle-field of Antietam, which was filled with the wounded of both armies.

CRAMPTON'S GAP

is six miles to the south of Thornton's. Here Franklin's corps covered itself with glory. The position of the rebel army was much the same as at Thornton's, being posted on the hill-side, where its guns could command the approaches. Up the steep sides of the hill the brave soldiers of Slocum's division charged, driving first one, and then a second line of the rebels before them. The sketch shows how steep was the incline the soldiers had to climb in the face of the enemy, who in some places used a stone wall as a breast-work. On meeting the second line (seen in the picture, formed on a little mountain road) the Union line wavered. Colonel Bartlett (commanding a brigade in Slocum's division) started forward and led the soldiers to a fresh effort, so impetuous that the rebels were broken and driven over the crest of the mountain in utter rout. The general view of the scene shows where the rebel artillery was posted, and gives a good idea of the difficulties encountered in this battle, which M'Clellan speaks of as the battle of South Mountain.

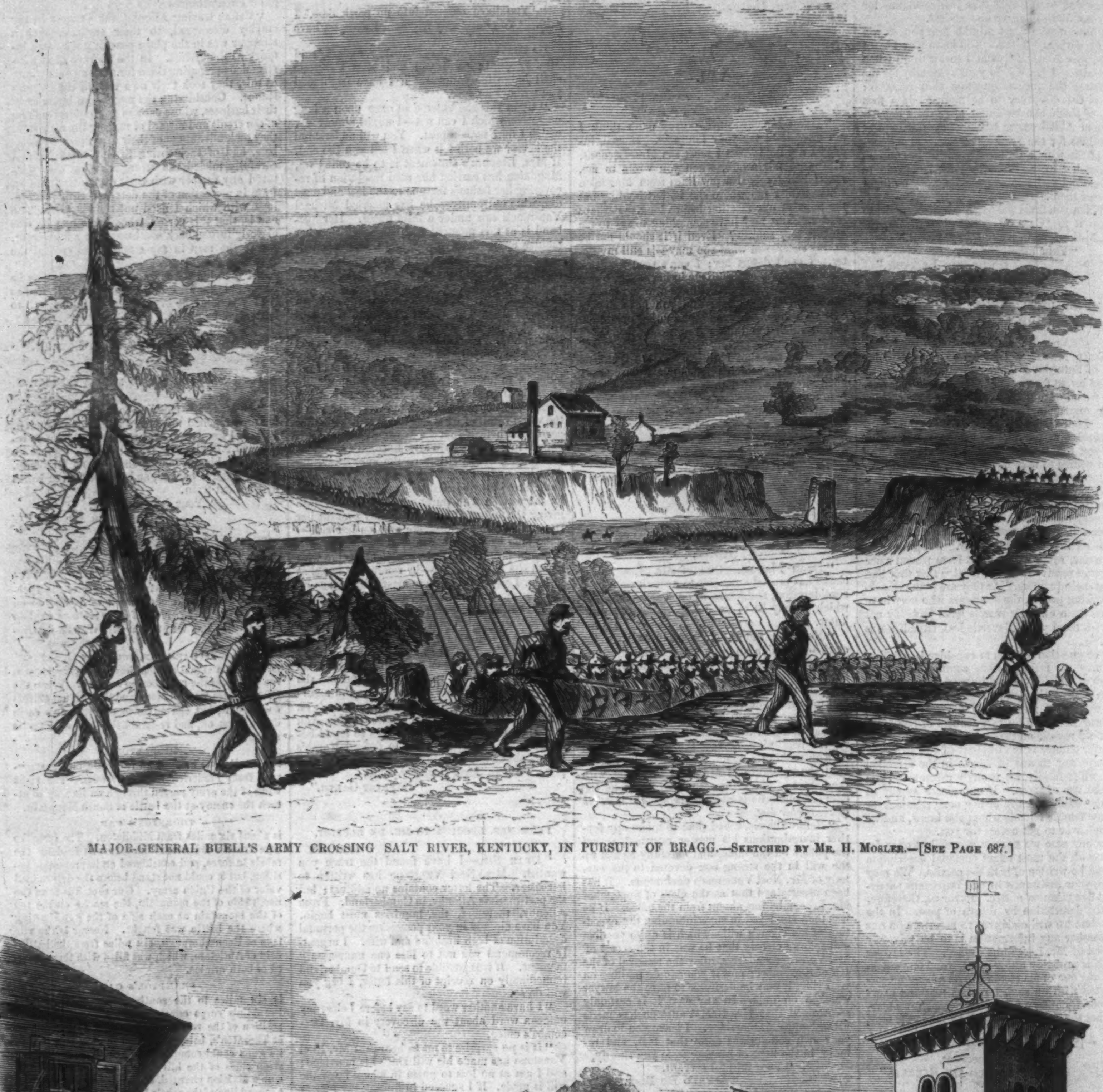
THE COLONEL OF THE TWENTIETH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS LEADING HIS REGIMENT AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

The Twentieth Regiment, of which General Max Weber was originally Colonel, lost in the recent battle two hundred and forty men and nine officers at one time when it was necessary to charge up a slope against the rebels. The Colonel, Van Vegesark, took the flag, and galloping up the rise, led the Regiment to the crest of the hill amidst a very heavy fire. Strange to relate, the Colonel escaped uninjured.

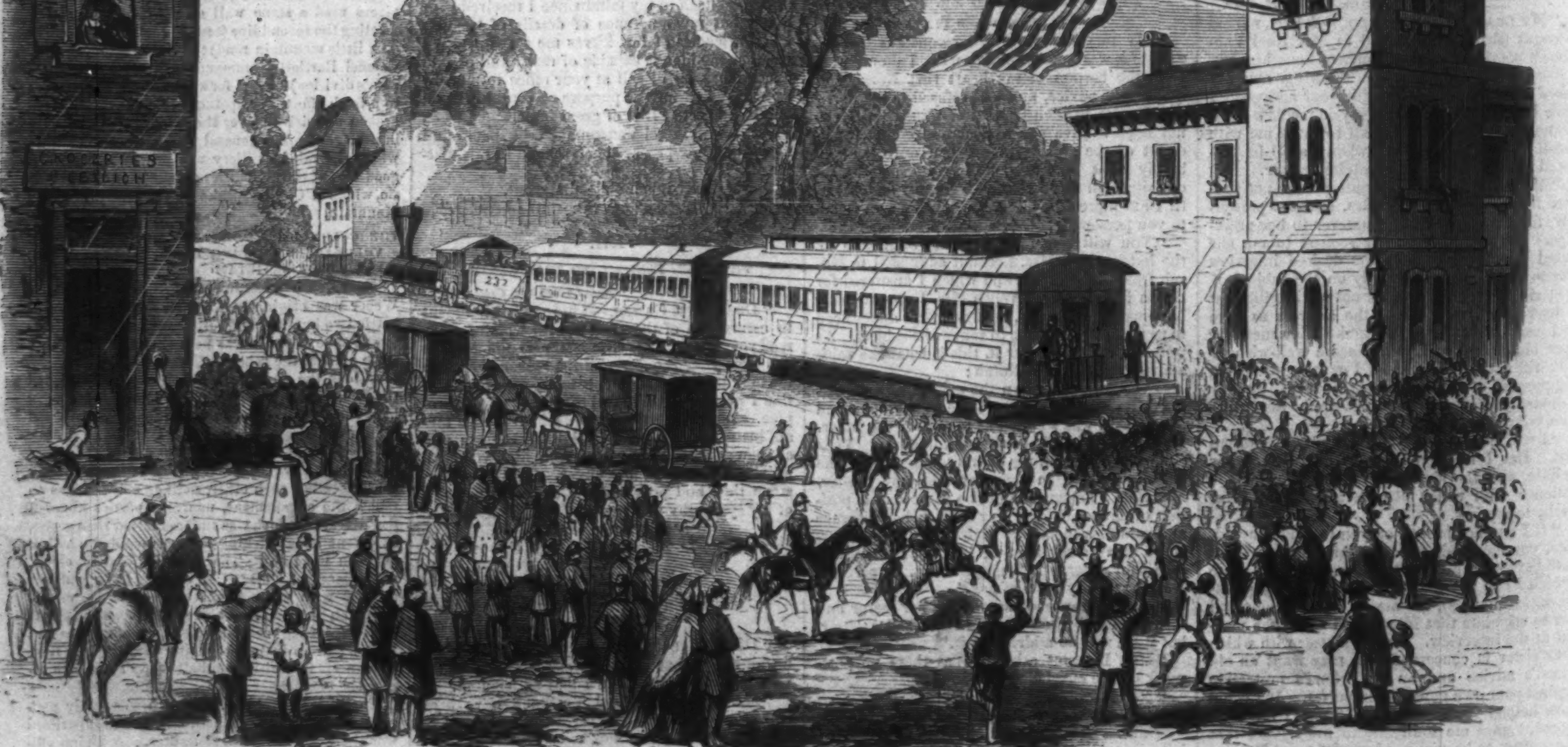
THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

While the armies stood in line of battle grimly contemplating each other, neither one anxious to renew the engagement, unarmed parties under a flag of truce—which was suffered rather than granted—went about picking up the wounded who lay between the lines. The rebel ambulance corps, with pieces of white cloth on their hats, and our soldiers with white bands on their arms, mixed freely on the field. At one time some muskets were fired, whether by accident or design was not known; in an instant each army sprang into line, cannoneers in position, and all ready at once to renew the combat.

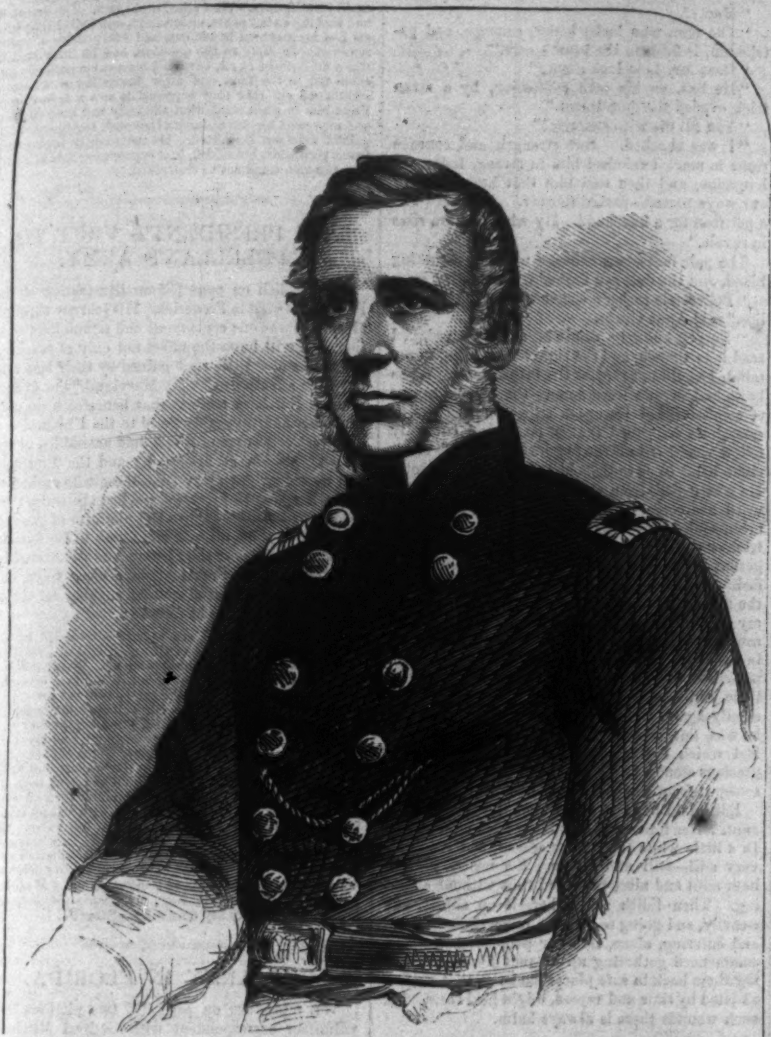
The little church in the sketch was badly peppered by the shot and shell, and its neighborhood was the scene of fearful slaughter. A Union officer, who was taken into it, wounded, by the rebels, had to lie there all through the fight, and was not injured by the shell.



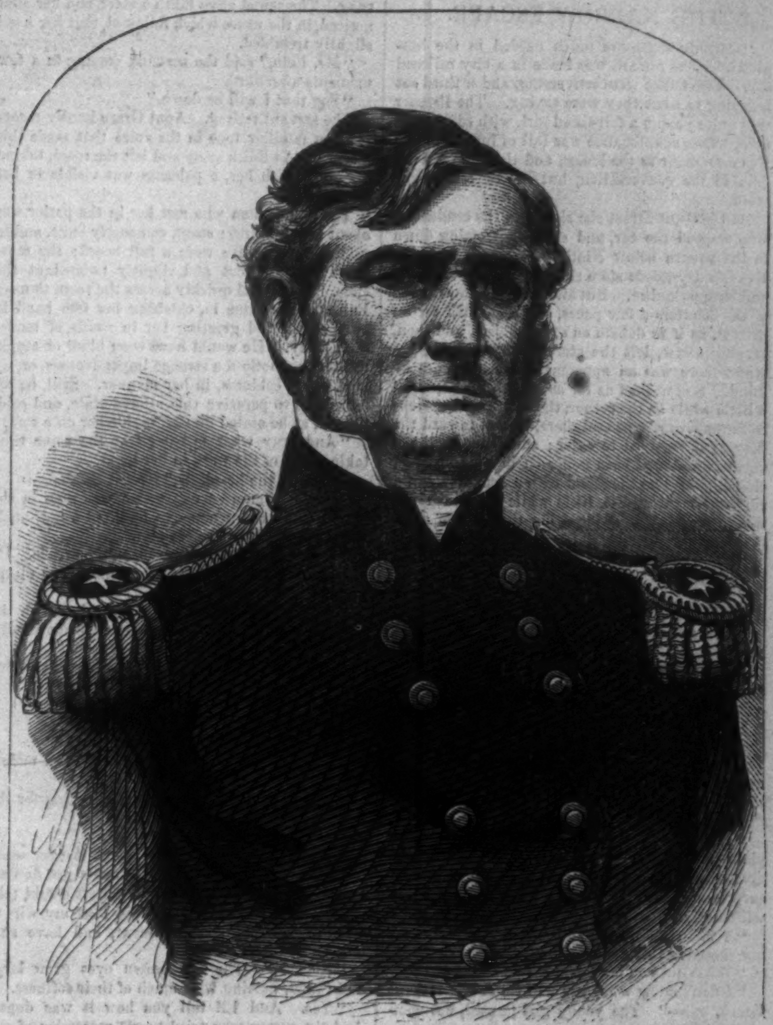
MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING SALT RIVER, KENTUCKY, IN PURSUIT OF BRAGG.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 687.]



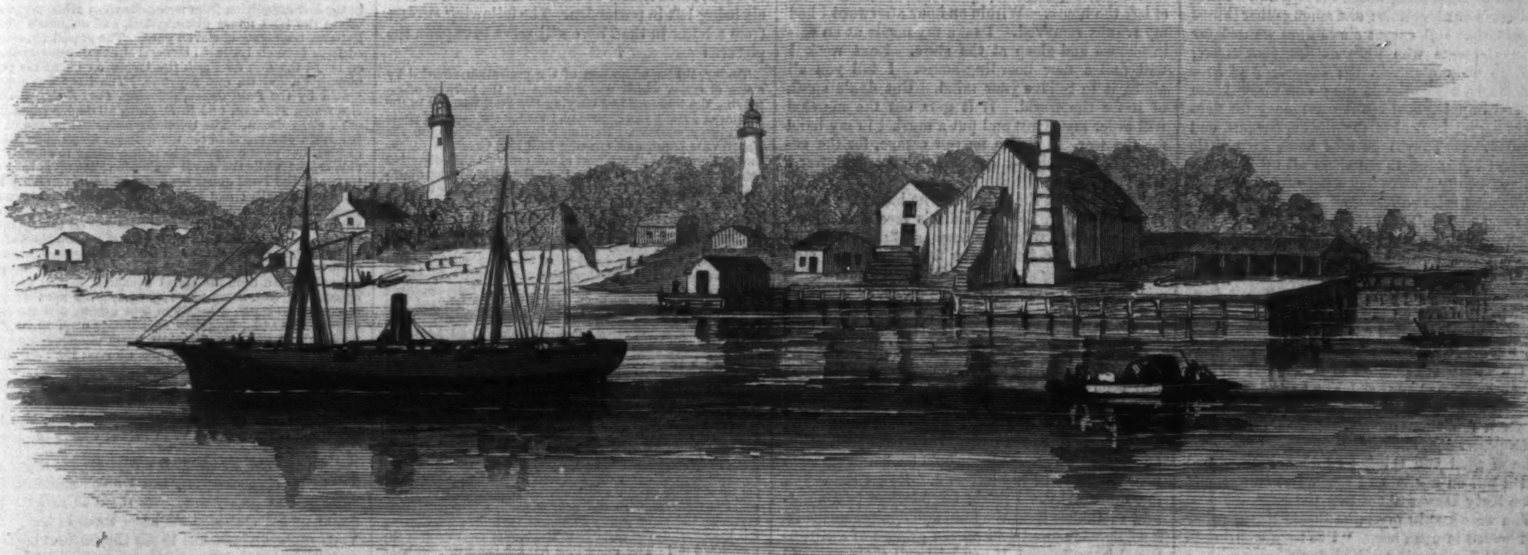
THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—ARRIVAL AT THE STATION AT FREDERICK.—Sketched by Mr. Hamilton.—[See Page 686.]



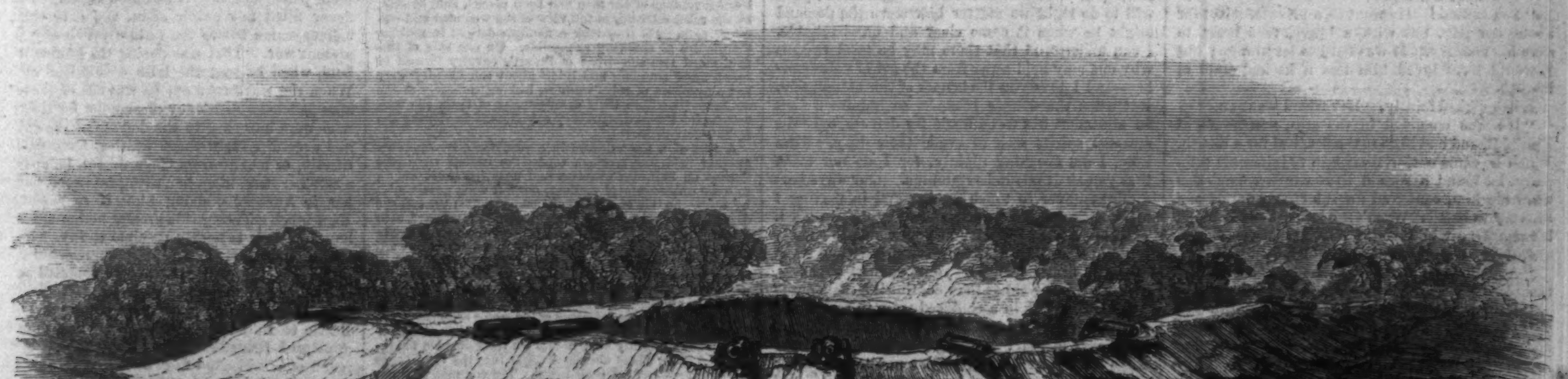
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WADSWORTH, UNION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



THE REBEL BISHOP-GENERAL POLK.
[SEE PAGE 687.]



MAYPORT MILLS, MOUTH OF ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. VAN INGEN.—[SEE PAGE 686.]



BATTERY ON ST. JOHN'S BLUFF, FLORIDA, TAKEN BY OUR FORCES.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. VAN INGEN.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

THE NARROW ESCAPE.

"CARPET shoes are much needed in the hospitals." The remark was made in a city railroad car. Two ladies were conversing, and a third sat listening to what they were saying. The listener was quite young, a fair-faced girl, with soft brown eyes, whose countenance was full of interest. She was a stranger to the ladies, and therefore did not join in the conversation, but she took in every word.

At Chestnut Street she signed to the conductor, who stopped the car, and she left it, going down to the square below Ninth Street. In front of Evans's dry-goods store she paused for a moment, and then passed in. But after moving toward one of the counters a few paces, she stood still for an instant, as if in debate on some subject, and then, turning about, left the store. On regaining the street there was an apparent hesitating state of mind. She walked as far as Eighth Street, stood a little while on the corner, then retraced her steps as far as Evans's, paused there, turned toward the door as if resolved to enter; and then, as if the debate which had been going on in her mind had closed, passed up the street with a firm step and a resolved manner. A little while afterward she was in a carpet store inquiring the price of short remnants.

"For what purpose are they intended?" asked the dealer.

The fair face heightened in color with the almost timid answer—

"For carpet shoes. They are wanted in the hospitals."

"Ah!—well—in that case—let me see." The man considered for a little while. "How large a quantity did you propose getting?"

"I will lay out five dollars in this way." She spoke with regaining confidence.

"Very good. For five dollars you shall have more than ten dollars' worth. Where shall I send them?"

The address was given and the money paid.

"Back already!" As the maiden entered a plain but neat and well-furnished room she was greeted with this remark in a tone that expressed surprise. The speaker was a middle-aged woman with a calm, kind face.

"Yes. It didn't take long to get through with my shopping this morning."

"What did you buy, dear?"

"I don't know what you will think of me, Aunt Grace, but—" The young girl paused, not completing the sentence.

"But what, Edith?"

"Well, you see, Aunty dear"—and Edith leaned toward her relative, speaking in a tender, deprecating voice—"as I rode down in the cars I heard two ladies talking about the sick and wounded soldiers in our hospitals; and among other things they said that soft carpet shoes were wanted for the convalescents who were getting just strong enough to walk about in the wards. And so—now don't look soberly at me; don't say I am weak and impulsive—I spent my money for remnants of carpet instead of for gloves, ribbons, and under-sleeves. They'll be sent home in a little while, and I'm going to cut them all up into carpet shoes. Katy Dawes has a pattern—I saw her at work on some last week—and she'll show me just how to make them."

Edith paused, with her pure, earnest eyes full on her aunt's face, waiting for the answer to all this. Aunt Grace, in half surprise, mingled with pleasure, was already leaning toward her niece. Laying her hand gently on the head of Edith she said, in a voice slightly veiled with feeling,

"I have not a word of disapproval, my dear. When we obey suggestions of self-denial for the good of others we obey God. You have done well."

Tears came into Edith's eyes. She bent her head for a few silent moments; then rallying to full self-possession, she replied,

"I am glad you think I've done right. And now I'll put on my bonnet again and run around and see Katy Dawes about the pattern."

"You were just in my mind," said Katy, as her friend looked in upon her. "I've been wanting to see you all the morning. You don't know what a nice letter I've received from George! And, what do you think? He's been promoted again."

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes, indeed! He went as a private. Not for honor nor pay, but with a brave, true heart to save his country. It was hard to let him go; but I would have loved him less if he had staid at home."

Edith sighed faintly. Her friend went on.

"He was wounded in the arm, you know, at Phillippi, and had to go to the hospital for a month. When he came out, well enough to rejoin his company, he found a second lieutenant's commission awaiting him, conferred for soldierly conduct and bravery in battle. Wasn't my heart proud! Didn't it seem for a while too large for my bosom!"

Another sigh parted the lips of Edith.

"And now he writes me that he is a first lieutenant."

"I am so pleased to hear of it," said Edith.

"Promoted again for bravery and good conduct," added Katy Dawes.

"No wonder you feel proud, dear Katy." Edith spoke in a slightly subdued voice, as if there were in her heart some drawback to the pleasure expressed.

The two young friends spent an hour together, during which time Edith acquired the art and mystery she had come to learn. From some cause she was not in the best of spirits when she returned home, and appeared disinclined to talk. At once she set about the work in hand, assisted by her aunt, and was soon fashioning the remnants of carpet into soft shoes for sick soldiers. Twilight stayed her busy fingers ere the day seemed half departed. During tea-time Edith's face wore an absorbed, almost troubled, expression, which her aunt did not fail to observe. After supper she resumed her work. Half an hour later the door-bell rung. The sound gave Edith a start, and her aunt noticed, in the pause which followed, that her hand slightly trembled.

"Mr. Loto," said the servant, coming in a few moments afterward.

"Say that I will be down."

The servant retired. Aunt Grace hardly recognized a familiar tone in the voice that made this answer. As Edith arose and left the room, taking her work with her, a paleness was visible in her face.

The young man who met her in the parlor was about twenty-three; stout, compactly built, and in robust health. He wore a full beard; the mustache carefully cut and slightly twisted at the ends. He moved quickly across the room to meet Edith as she came in, catching her free hand in both of his, and greeting her in words of tender familiarity. He would have been blind or stupid not to have noticed a strange impassiveness, or, we might say, coldness, in her manner. Still, he affected not to perceive this altered state, and said, lightly, as he seated himself beside her on a sofa,

"And pray what is this?" at the same time taking hold of the work in her hand.

"It is for the hospitals," replied Edith.

A slightly amused expression was seen in the young man's countenance as he lifted a half-made shoe and held it out before him.

"Oh! I see." And he dropped the article. He did not manifest contempt, or ridicule, or disapproval—only indifference.

"And now, Edith," he said, speaking with the pleased ardor of one who brings welcome intelligence, "I have some good news for you."

"Ah! what is it?" She fixed her soft brown eyes on him expectantly.

"I've escaped."

"Escaped what?"

"The enrollment," replied the young man.

"The enrollment? I'm not sure that I understand you."

"You know that they've been enrolling for the draft."

"Yes."

"Well, I've been nervous about it ever since the thing was ordered. If my name got down I knew it would be all over. The draft would take me, sure. That's my luck! So I set my wits to work to escape the enrollment, and have succeeded."

"Indeed!" The soft brown eyes grew large and round, parting with much of their softness.

"Yes. And I'll tell you how it was done." And the young man tried to get possession of one of Edith's hands; but she moved it out of his way.

"As soon as I learned that the enrolling officer was at work in our ward I got up a little breeze with my landlady—no hard matter at any time, for she has a quick temper—and under cover thereof left the house. Within an hour afterward I had my trunks removed. I take my meals at an eating-house and sleep at the store. Next week I will find a new boarding-house. I tell you all about it to relieve your mind. But don't speak of it for the world. If it gets out the marshal will order my arrest and put a musket in my hand for the war. I had a narrow escape, for the enrollment in our block was made on the day after I left."

"You are not the only one who has made a narrow escape, Mr. Loto." Edith's face was almost white; but her voice was deep and firm. She had drawn herself a little away from the young man and was looking at him sternly.

"Ah! who else has made an escape?"

"I have!"

"You?"

"I asked a week in which to consider your offer, Mr. Loto." Edith's tones did not falter. "If you had been a soldier in the field, or on the eve of marching to the defense of your imperiled country, I would have yielded this hand without an instant's hesitation. But your lack of courage or patriotism, I knew not which, made me hold back and question your fitness to be my husband. Now I know you to be unworthy. I might have looked past a natural shrinking from the hard and dangerous life of a soldier—excused you on the ground of constitutional impediments, if you will call them so—and on this plea accepted your failure to spring to the rescue when your country was assailed—still believing in your honor—still having faith in your will to do right no matter how stern the demand might be when it came clear and unmistakable. I can understand that there may be good reasons why one may hold away from the act of volunteering—and I gave you the benefit of this assumption. But when the danger becomes so imminent that an allotment has to be made for defense, only the meanest spirits seek to evade their duty. John Loto, I am speaking plainly, for I do not mean that you shall misunderstand me. Our ways part to-night never to touch again; and in parting I leave with you hard words that may do you good. Take my advice and give in your name to the enrolling officer. If drafted, go cheerfully and stand up with brave men for your country's safety. There is a worse thing than death—it is dishonor!"

He attempted, in a confused way, to reply; but Edith, who had arisen, waved her hand, saying:

"Leave me, Sir! The argument is closed. Our ways have parted, and they can not meet again!"

"I have passed through a great trial, aunt!" said Edith, in reply to anxious questions. Aunt Grace had found her, not long afterward, lying on a sofa in the parlor in a state of partial stupefaction. She had not been weeping. Her face was still very pale; her eyes had parted with their tender sweetness; her lips were almost rigid. On returning fully to herself she had made this answer.

"And come out purer and stronger, I trust. Is it so, dear Edith?" replied her aunt.

"Purer and stronger, if walking through pain to duty gives purity and strength," said Edith.

"Trial—pain—duty. These words include stern meanings, Edith. Mr. Loto is not here."

"And will never be here again, aunt. I have made a narrow escape."

"How?"

"The man who lacks honor, courage, and patriotism, is false to the heart's core."

"Does Mr. Loto lack them?"

"He has, on his own confession, by a mean trick evaded the enrollment."

"You fill me with surprise!"

"I was shocked. But strength and courage came to me. I rebuked him in strong, indignant language, and then told him that here and now our ways parted—parted forever. A coward and a poltroon for a husband! My whole nature rises in revolt."

The pale face grew crimson with the mounting blood, and the dull eye flashed with kindling fires.

"Poltroon is rather a coarse word for my Edith's lips," said Aunt Grace.

"Do you know its origin? Only yesterday, I read it in French, and the significance being in my mind, I could not repress the fitting term. When bows and arrows were among the chief weapons of semi-civilized European tribes and nations, it sometimes happened that a mean and cowardly fellow would cut off the forefinger or thumb of his right hand so as to unfit him for a soldier's duty. He was called, from the act, a poltroon—and the word has come into our language to express a mean-souled, cowardly fellow, who resorts to any trick or shift to escape from an unpleasant or dangerous duty. And so, under the impulse of strong feelings, I have called this man a poltroon. It is the fittingest word, in all our language, to express my present thought of him. Thank God for a narrow escape, dear aunt! I am wounded and bruised in the sudden sharp conflict through which I have passed—hurt inwardly—but not unto death. A little while, and my heart shall beat strong and evenly again. I did not love Mr. Loto for what he was, but for what I imagined him to be. The idol which I thought to be of gold, silver, and precious stones, is discovered to be of clay, and I sweep it from the pedestal of honor."

Edith laid her face down upon the bosom of her aunt. Her frame was trembling from excitement. In a little while the tremor ceased, and she grew very still—still and heavy. For nearly half an hour aunt and niece remained thus without speaking. Then Edith raised herself up slowly and wearily, and going to her own room, shut the door, and entering, alone, into her pain-stricken heart, commenced gathering up its rent fibres, and laying them back in safe places tenderly, that nature, assisted by time and repose, might heal them. For such wounds there is always balm.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

ON pages 680 and 681 we publish a large picture of a BATTLE-FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE—the rebels being left in possession. The following extract from a letter in the *Times* will serve to explain the picture:

> To-day, taking advantage of the protection afforded by a flag of truce, which was granted for the purpose of removing the wounded and burying the dead who fell in the battles of Friday and Saturday, I visited the scene of those sanguinary conflicts. Passing out of our lines upon the Centreville Road, and crossing Bull Run Creek at Blackburn's Ford, the outer picket of our army in that direction was reached about two miles from the little hamlet dignified by the name of Centreville. All beyond this barrier, for two miles, was disputed ground, occupied by neither friend nor foe, to the advance picket of the rebel camp. Entering the rebel lines but a short distance evidences of the carnage of a recent deadly strife were to be seen far and near. On either hand were wounded soldiers, just able to drag themselves along at a slow pace by the aid of a cane or a friendly hand—men who had been captured after having been disabled in battle, now paroled and started for a more congenial and friendly camp. Dead horses, broken carriages, shot and shell, and here and there the dead body of a man, shattered trees, ambulances filled with the wounded, caps, equipments, and clothing scattered about—all bore unmistakable evidence of the sanguinary battle that had been fought. Turning to the left from the main-road, and riding perhaps a mile, the dead bodies of our soldiers were visible on every hand. Near this point the strife was hottest on Friday.
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> In the edge of a piece of timber in close proximity to the field, numerous tents were pitched for the temporary accommodation of our wounded, and where they were cared for by soldiers of our army acting as nurses, who nobly stood to their posts in the hour of trial, while our physicians for the most part abandoned their charge, leaving the bleeding, dying patriots to the tender mercies of a demoralized foe. The medicines left for the wounded were confiscated by the enemy, who refused to permit any portion of them to be used, and many of those left upon the field died because of this inhuman conduct. In plain view of the hospital tents, not fifty yards distant, the dead bodies of seventeen of our men had been placed, side by side, by the rebel soldiery, in full view of the wounded and suffering men, as if they took a fiendish delight in making the picture as shocking as possible. On one side of this field stood two squadrons of Stuart's cavalry formed in square, and standing and lying about the vicinity were large numbers of rebel soldiers, looking curiously at the strangers (?) within their camp; many of them illy concealing the brutal delight they experienced in viewing the scene before them.
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> A ride of a few minutes in a southeasterly direction, another field was reached, where the contest raged the fiercest on Saturday evening, and near the point where, in some unaccountable manner, our left wing gave way—by which the tide of battle was turned against us, and the day was lost, to be fought for again, it is to be hoped with far different results. This field presented a more ghastly sight, for in this vicinity it is estimated nearly two hundred of our dead were scattered about on the field and in the adjoining woods. The enemy holding the field the night after the scene of carnage had closed, aided by negroes, the officers gathered up their dead, and buried them in trenches, in some instances going so far as to cover the newly-disturbed earth with leaves and brushwood—all of which was evidently done to deceive their deluded followers, and those whom chance brought into the vicinity, as to the exact extent of their losses. The common instincts of humanity seem to have entirely left the breasts of a majority of the rebel soldiery, for they not only neglected to pay the customary attention to the brave dead of the Union army around them, but also violated the sanctity of death by robbing the lifeless bodies of coats, caps, shoes, jewelry, money, and all other valuables, and ignored the claims of the living also, who were suffering and within their power. We doubt if, of all the vast number who fell in the battles of Friday and Saturday, there was one who, dead or alive, was not robbed of every thing of value. Of the hundred or more bodies to be seen above the ground, there was not one whose pockets had not been rifled, and their shoes and other articles of clothing taken away.
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> The writer entered the enemy's lines especially to obtain the names of the wounded and prisoners in their hands. But he was peremptorily refused this privilege, and threatened with a Richmond prison for violating the flag of truce by taking the names of a few of the dead on the field. The same officer in an imperious manner said there was a Major or a Colonel "yonder," and perhaps I could identify him. We walked to the spot. The deceased had nothing on but pants, under-shirt, and socks; the pockets had been turned inside out, and every thing of value removed. In reply to the question, how he knew that it was a field-officer at all, our rebel companion suddenly became red in the face, and after hesitating a moment, stammered out that they supposed it was a field-officer. I told him in plain terms that the body had been robbed, and expressed my astonishment that such treatment of the gallant dead was permitted. He indignantly denied that it was permitted, but added, in a deprecating tone of voice, that the men could not be restrained.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

WE publish on page 684 an illustration of the President's visit to Frederick. His journey through Maryland was one continuous and triumphant ovation, and will have the effect not only of teaching the rebels how little they gained by their last raid upon the affections of "My Maryland," but of convincing Northern traitors that henceforth we may count her as irrevocably fixed to the Union.

A vast concourse of people had assembled at the railway station at Frederick; and the President had no sooner got away from those who rushed to shake hands with him, and reached the train, than loud cries brought him to the platform of the rear carriage, to show himself and speak to his friends. This is the moment seized upon and illustrated by our artist. The President, in a clear voice, and with that honest, good-natured manner for which he is so noted, spoke as follows:

> FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I see myself surrounded by soldiers and by the citizens of this good city of Frederick, all anxious to hear something from me. Nevertheless, I can only say—as I did elsewhere five minutes ago—that it is not proper for me to make speeches in my present position. I return thanks to our gallant soldiers for the good service they have rendered, the energies they have shown, the hardships they have endured, and the blood they have so nobly shed for this dear Union of ours. And I also return thanks, not only to the soldiers, but to the good citizens of Frederick, and to all the good men, women, and children throughout this land for their devotion to our glorious cause. And I say this without any malice in my heart toward those who have done otherwise. May our children, and our children's children, for a thousand generations, continue to enjoy the benefits conferred upon us by a united country, and have cause yet to rejoice under those glorious institutions bequeathed us by Washington and his compeers! Now, my friends—soldiers and citizens—I can only say once more—Farewell!

OUR ARMY IN FLORIDA.

WE reproduce on page 685 two pictures by a volunteer correspondent with General Mitchell's army, illustrating the recent CAPTURE OF A FORT ON ST. JOHN'S BLUFF, FLORIDA. Our correspondent writes:

> HILTON HEAD, *October 5, 1862.*
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> *To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
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> Inclosed I send you a couple of rough sketches of scenes in the last expedition from here—Mayport Mills, the place where the land forces disembarked, and St. John's Bluff Battery, consisting of eleven guns. The expedition started from here on 1st inst., General Brannan commanding, on board the *Ben De Ford*, the troops on board the *Cosmopolitan*, *Boston*, and *Neptune*. The navy was represented by the *Paul Jones*, flag-ship, *Port Royal*, *Uncas*, *Semirona*, *Patroon*, and *S. B. Hale*, all under command of O. E. Stedman. The troops disembarked on the 2d at the Mills, and marched for the battery, about eight miles distant, but were compelled to return owing to an unfordable creek; while the naval squadron sailed up to the battery, and the *Paul Jones* opened fire on it, receiving replies occasionally; and having ascertained the calibre of their guns returned, but started again next morning; while the infantry, having again landed on the opposite side of the creek, took up their line of march, the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, Colonel Good, taking the lead, and surprising a camp of cavalry, who made good their escape.
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> In the mean time the naval squadron, having arrived opposite the fort, about four P.M. opened fire upon it; but receiving no reply, a boat was sent ashore, and the fort was found to be completely abandoned, upon which the "Old Flag" was raised amidst much cheering from all hands. Upon arriving there, about 5 P.M., the Forty-seventh took possession of the late rebel stronghold.

GENERAL WADSWORTH.

ON page 685 we publish a portrait of GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, the Union candidate for Governor of New York. As there is little or no doubt of his election, we have thought our New York readers would like to see the features of their next Governor.

James S. Wadsworth is the son of James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, and is himself a resident of the same place, and the richest man there. He has never filled any public office, and once only, we believe, came before the public previously to the present war. That was during the famine in Ireland, when he sent the Irish a ship-load of food. When the war broke out he was one of those who apprehended a deficiency of supplies for the troops who were hurrying to the defense of the capital; and accordingly, without waiting for orders, authority, or money from Government, he chartered a steamer here, filled her with provisions, and sent her to Annapolis, going himself as supercargo. How much suffering this prompt action of his may have saved it is hardly possible to say. But the Government and the troops so appreciated it that General Wadsworth was at once appointed an Aid-de-camp to General M'Dowell, with the rank of Colonel. In that capacity he participated in the Battle of Bull Run. He was shortly afterward appointed Brigadier-General, and placed in command of Washington as Military Governor, which post he has filled with energy and judgment.

In his letter of acceptance to the Convention General Wadsworth said:

> I think I can not be mistaken in assuming that the election will turn upon the necessity of sustaining our national Government in its effort to uphold itself, and maintain its territorial integrity, and especially upon the proclamation of the President, issued to that end, and referred to in the fourth resolution of the Convention.
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> I entirely approve of that proclamation, and commend it to the support of the electors of New York for the following reasons:
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> 1. It is an effectual aid to the speedy and complete suppression of this rebellion.
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> Six or eight millions of whites, having had time to organize their government and arm their troops, fed and supported by the labor of four millions of slaves, present the most formidable rebellion recorded in history.
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> Strike from this rebellion the support which it derives

from the unrequited toil of these slaves, and its foundation will be undermined.

2. It is the most humane method of putting down the rebellion, the history of which has clearly proved that the fears of slave insurrections and massacres are entirely unfounded. While the slaves earnestly desire freedom, they have shown no disposition to injure their masters; they will cease to work for them without wages, but they will form throughout the Southern States the most peaceful and docile peasantry on the face of the earth.

The slaveowners once compelled to work for their own support the war must cease, and its appalling carnage come to an end.

3. The emancipation once effected, the Northern States would be forever relieved, as it is right that they should be, from the fears of a great influx of African laborers, disturbing the relations of those Northern industrial classes who have so freely given their lives to the support of the Government.

This done, and the whole African population will drift to the South, where it will find a congenial climate and vast tracts of land never yet cultivated.

I forbear to enter into the discussion of the great increase of trade to the Northern States and the whole commercial world which would result from the wants of four millions of free and paid laborers over the same number held as heretofore in slavery.

I forbear also to enter into the question of the ultimate vast increase in the production of the great Southern staples. This is not a time to consider questions of profit. It will long be remembered, to the great honor of the merchants, bankers, and manufacturers of the North, that giving the lie to the calumnies of slave-breeding aristocrats, who charge them with being degraded and controlled by the petty profits of traffic, they have met the numerous sacrifices of this great struggle with a cheerfulness and promptness of which history furnishes no parallel.

Nor is the question now before us one of philanthropy alone, sacred as are the principles therein involved; nor is it a question of abstract ideas, involving an unprofitable discussion of the equality of races. It is simply a question of war, of National life or death, and of the mode in which we can most surely and effectually uphold our Government and maintain its unity and supremacy.

Our foreign enemies, for it is not to be disguised that we have such, reproach us with waging a territorial war. So we do; but that territory is our country. For maintaining its greatness and power among the nations of the earth, by holding it together, they hate us. We can bear it; but if we were to yield to their suggestions, and submit to its dismemberment, they would forever despise us.

This Great domain, from the lakes to the gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, one country; governed by one idea —freedom—is yet destined to dictate terms, if need be, to the world in arms, and I hold that man to be a traitor and a coward, who, under any defeats, any pressure of adversity however great, any calamities however dire, would give up one acre of it.

BUELL'S ARMY ON THE MARCH.

WE publish on page 684 a picture which represents BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING SALT RIVER, KENTUCKY, from a sketch by Mr. Mosler. The bridge over the river was destroyed some time since, but the water is so low that it was easily forded, and as soon as Buell's skirmishers cleared the way the army crossed in heavy column. The result of the expedition, or at least one of its results, will be found recorded in another column.

THE REBEL BISHOP-GENERAL POLK.

THE debates in the Episcopal House of Bishops on the subject of the rebel BISHOP-GENERAL POLK, have induced us to present our readers with a portrait of the personage in question on page 685.

Leonidas Polk was born in North Carolina about the year 1805. He entered West Point in 1823, and graduated in the artillery in 1827. Six months' service in the army quenched his military aspirations, and resigning his commission he studied for the Church. In 1831 he was ordained an Episcopal minister, and officiated regularly in the Southwest for seven years. In 1838 he was appointed "Missionary Bishop" of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, and discharged the functions of that office for three years. In 1841, the Episcopal See of Louisiana falling vacant, he was elected to fill it, and continued to do so until the rebellion broke out. He sympathized so ardently with the rebel leaders that he was induced in an evil moment to resign his bishopric, and accepted from Jeff Davis a commission in the rebel army as Major-General. His service has chiefly been in the Southwest. He was in command for some time at Columbus, Kentucky, and took part in the Battle of Shiloh. His present station we hardly know.

Report says that since Bishop Polk became a soldier he has doffed the decent manners of the episcopate for the habits of a trooper—that he drinks, swears, etc., etc.

BURIED ALIVE.

MY name is Karoly Varga. I worked in the salt-mines, as my father and brother do, and as my grandfather did, and his father before him. On the 17th August, 1723, I dressed myself as usual and descended into the mine, taking with me a box of candles, which were to be used for a purpose I shall mention presently. My orders were to make a careful examination of the arches that had been erected, and the blocks that had been placed round the pools of water to prevent the expected visitors from falling in, for it was intended to give a concert and entertainment in honor of the director of the mine and his wife, who would complete twenty-five years of married life on the twenty-fifth day of the month mentioned. I had also to select a place in which to establish the orchestra, of which I was myself one of the members, the rest having deputed me to make this choice in consequence of my experience in working the mine, care being always requisite in choosing the position, from the danger of the vibration causing a fall. Having performed the first part of my duty I climbed up into a gallery, which had been cut long before the mine had reached its present depth, to select the position in which the orchestra was to establish itself. The spot that seemed most suitable was a recess, lofty at the entrance but of no great depth. Its shape was so good for the purpose that I fetched the box of candles and put it in the recess ready for use. It was not till I had done this that it occurred to me to sound my horn and try the effect produced. I blew it first at the entrance, then drew back farther and farther, sounding it at intervals, knowing there were others in the mine who would be able to tell me what the effect was in that part where the company would be assembled. I was standing at the very bottom of the cave, and was in the act of drawing a deep breath to sound a final blast, when I was stopped by a pattering sound which paralyzed me, and before I was myself again there was a fall of earth and salt, lumps of which rolled to my feet. I had a lighted torch beside me, and with this I examined the fall to see if there was any opening for escape, but there was none, the recess being blocked up to the roof. I thought I might call the attention of my fellow-miners to my position by blowing my horn, but the only result of my doing so was to cause another fall. I laid it down to think over my position, and calculate my chance of escape. I hoped that, as they would be certain to miss me within a few hours, there might be something in the slip to attract their attention. Hour after hour passed over without my hearing a sound, except that caused by the earth crumbling down as it settled into a firmer mass. The torch I had extinguished long since, to save myself from being suffocated by the smoke, and instead of it I had lighted a candle, but this melted away in a few minutes owing to the air being so hot. I was now in total darkness. The air was filled with particles of salt, which stung my eyes and made the inside of my mouth, and nose, and my throat smart painfully, besides exciting a sensation of intense thirst. As for hunger, it was long before I felt it, and when I did I had a ready means at hand for assuaging it, in the box of tallow, which, disgusting as it would have been at any other time, was a treasure to me now. There was another comforting circumstance, that air made its way to the little hollow in which I was confined: where from I could not tell, but it was sufficient in quantity to prevent me from being suffocated, though breathing was a matter of great difficulty and pain. I soon began to feel sleepy, and stretched myself on the ground, but whether I slept only a few minutes or several hours I have no idea; and so the early part of my imprisonment passed away.

All this time nothing had occurred to show that any body had discovered the place where I was buried, though I was sure I must have been missed long since. Then, for the first time, I was seized with a hopeless dread. I became intensely cold, my heart almost ceased to beat, and my tongue and the roof of my mouth became dry and hard, as if it had been burned with a red-hot iron. I curled myself in a heap on the ground, and for a time was insensible. When I again grew conscious my sufferings were much aggravated. A burning heat was gnawing at my body from head to foot. The feeling is indescribable and can not be imagined. I knew that the salt was getting into my blood, and that I must soon go raving mad if I could not keep it out of my lungs. I ate as much of the tallow as I could, or rather I put it in my mouth and let it run down my throat. This relieved me very much, and I then tore a piece off my dress and fastened it across my mouth and nose, which added to the difficulty of breathing, but kept the larger particles of salt from entering my lungs. I also found that the air was better when I was standing than when I was lying down, and from thenceforth I stood with my back resting against the side of the cave, as much as my strength allowed me. Before this I had tried to remove the earth nearest the roof, but I could find nothing to encourage me to persevere, and the exertion was so painful, and the clouds of salt dust raised were so thick, notwithstanding that I placed every handful I took out carefully at the bottom of the heap, that I desisted, thinking it better to bear my sufferings as patiently as I could till my situation was discovered than to render it worse by vain efforts to escape from it. But as they continued to increase I determined to make another attempt, whatever the consequence might be. I grouped about till I found the hole I had made, and began to rake out the earth with my hands, but with less precaution than before, for I had now become desperate, and would gladly have died to have been released from my misery. The salt forced itself through the cloth over my face, penetrated to my lungs, and caused me such torture as no words can describe. I dashed myself against the sides of my prison, I beat my head against the rock, but I was unconscious of pain from so doing; life seemed raging within me with greater strength and intensity than I had ever felt before, and it seemed to me that I could move a mountain by my own strength alone. I thrust my head and shoulders into the hole I had made, and tried to burrow my way through like a mole, and when I could endure this no longer I threw myself on the ground and rolled and writhed. In imagination I screamed and cried, but in truth I could utter no sound. I prayed, oh! how fervently I prayed, for death, but it would not come. Then I swallowed some of my provisions, and this gave me relief for a time, but only for a time, for the same tortures began again very soon, followed by a repetition of my frantic attempts at self-destruction. If I could have abstained from the only thing that gave me relief my torments must soon have been at an end; but the very intensity of my pain forced me, against my will, to resort to it. Thus my sufferings went on ebbing and flowing, but, like the rising tide, always mounting.

I was in this dreadful condition when I heard the sound of music. At first I thought it must be my imagination, that I was at last going mad. Then, as it continued, I remembered the concert in honor of the director. I searched about for my horn, and when the music was silent, I raised it to my lips and tried to sound it: I might as well have attempted to rend the rock asunder which cut me off from the light; my dry and cracked lips would not fit themselves to the instrument, and the little air my lungs were still capable of expelling wasted itself soundlessly. In my madness I beat it furiously against the ground, I bit and gnawed it, and, finally, I dashed it down, and seizing handfuls of the dirt, I thrust it into my mouth in vain efforts to choke myself. Again and again the music was renewed, but at last it ceased altogether, and I knew that I was once more alone in the mine.

I afterward learned that, during the concert, one of the miners in wandering through the old workings noticed a mark on the rock where I had cleared the head of the torch. The freshness of this mark drew his attention to the fall of earth, and though he was not able to distinguish whether this fall was of recent or old date, he pointed it out to others, and they determined to clear it away, that my body, if it were beneath it, might receive Christian burial. The next day the director gave them a fête in return for their entertainment, and the following day being Sunday, it was not till the succeeding day they began digging for me, which was the twelfth day of my imprisonment. On that evening I was released and carried out of the mine.

My appearance at this time was frightful. Every hair had fallen from me, my eyes had disappeared, and my body, from head to foot, was covered with crystals of salt. I was laid in warm water and kept there: warm and cold water was given me to drink as often as I could swallow it, and my sufferings soon began to diminish. In time they became endurable, but they have never left me altogether, and I shall always be a poor, blind, suffering creature such as I am now.

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